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THE CRESCENT.

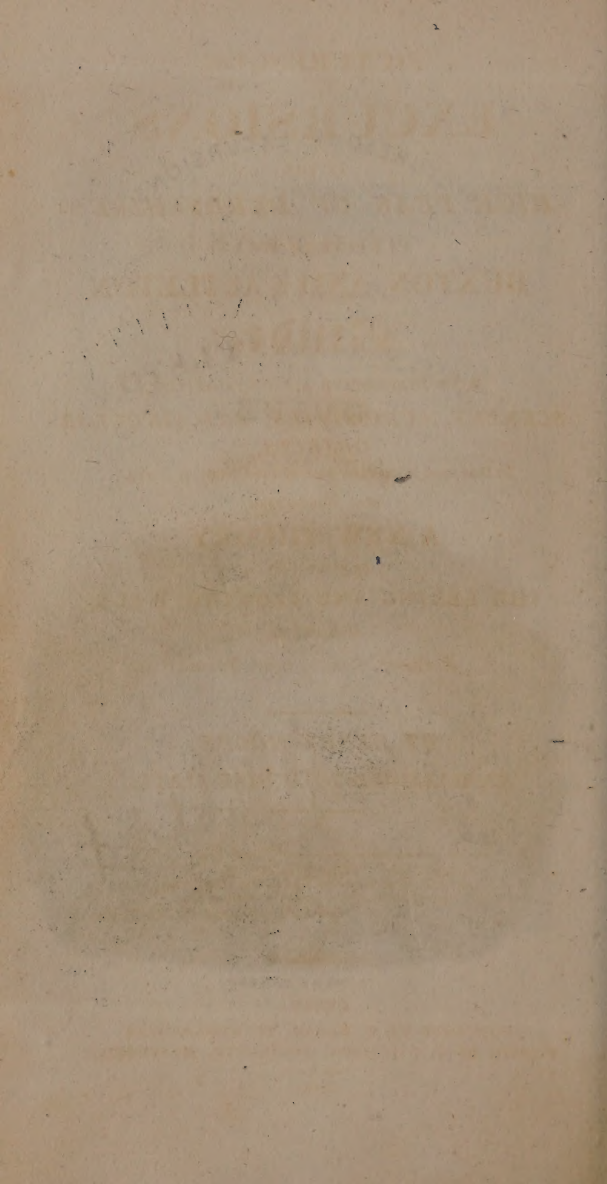
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PICTURESQUE EXCURSIONS
in the
HIGH PEAK:
Forming a new
BUXTON & CASTLETON
GUIDE.
BY H. MOORE.



PEAK CAVERN.



PICTURESQUE EXCURSIONS

IN THE
HIGH PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE:

Forming a new
BUXTON AND CASTLETON
Guide.

WITH DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNTS OF THE
SCENERY, CURIOSITIES, AND SINGULAR
OBJECTS,

In that most interesting part of the County of Derby.

ALSO, CONTAINING

A NEW THEORY
to account for
THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL,
SITUATED IN
Barmoor Clough, near Buxton.

BY HENRY MOORE.

EMBELLISHED WITH NINE PLATES.

“There lies
A Country that abounds with rarities,
They call *them* wonders there, and they be so;
But the whole Country sure's a wonder too.
COTTON'S WONDERS OF THE PEAK.

DERBY,

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1819.

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ADVERTISEMENT.



THE Peak of Derbyshire, had been regarded with an indifference that marked a want of taste in the Artist, and an uncommon inattention in the man of science, until Wright in the Artistical, and Whitehurst in the Scientific department, bestowed upon it that notice which its high character deserved. However, the rapid progress of the liberal arts, and the gigantic discoveries in science, have induced Scientific men to pay more attention to this interesting district; so that it now attracts general admiration. Even they, whom a love of the arts never warmed, or science refined to elevated feeling, admire its wonders.

There are many who cannot of themselves discover the charms, which the open volume of nature presents, and yet, who will pretend to admire and even to feel the influence of their beauties; and this merely, because they are generally admired. The manners of such, amuse us by indicating their various avocations in life. How readily do we discover by his habits, and conversation, the rich cit, who enjoys at home an easy chair, and the rise and fall of stocks;—the plodding tradesman, who has escaped from counting-house drudgery;—the careful farmer, who has amassed an independence by industry; and the spendthrift, hastening an evil day by driving care away;—all, are known by peculiarities that cannot be mistaken. Even the mineralogist, the geologist, the antiquary, the artist, and the real or pretended connoisseur, have their characteristic marks.

To guide the great number of visitors, that annually resort to the Peak of Derbyshire, for the benefit of its tepid springs, or for the purpose of contemplating its grand mountain scenery; its romantic dales of matchless Picturesque beauty; its magnificent subterranean scenes; its antiquities, and its curiosities; is the Author's motive for publishing this second series of his *Excursions*.

It has been a matter of surprise and regret, that a country abounding with so much that is interesting to science and the arts, should so long remain without a *practical Guide*;

and although regret may still be felt, that the deficiency has not been supplied by one, whose abilities were more competent to the task ; yet, the flattering reception, that the first series of the Writer's *Excursions*, (which were confined to Matlock and its neighbourhood) has experienced ; being a test of their usefulness ; has encouraged him to publish his *Excursions in the High Peak* with some confidence of success.

Anomalous compilations consisting of gross piracies from various authors, appearing in the form of original matter, have been too long imposed upon the public, as "Guides." Although such productions of closet travellers have been (till lately) the only ones before the public, purporting to be "Guides" to the stranger in the Peak : nevertheless, the absence of an original and really useful Director, cannot vindicate the charlatanism of those Plagiaries.

These *Excursions* have resulted from many journeys in the Peak, made by their writer for the purpose of sketching its romantic scenery. He describes the different objects and particular scenes, as they occurred on his rambles, by which means, he trusts they will be readily found by the stranger. And his opinion on the Picturesque beauty, of some scenes, will be found to differ with other tourists. His ideas respecting the *Ebbing and Flowing Well*, will also be found at variance with the generally adopted opinion of the cause of that phenomenon ; but how far his ideas may be approved, must be determined by the Public.

The writer is fully aware of his deficiency with respect to composition, and must acknowledge that he is not much used, to the conveying of ideas by the pen : he therefore, solicits some indulgence, from the candour of his readers on that account ; but, if convicted of being a blind leader, and of his pages being always uninteresting, he cannot hope for that mercy from them, which a liberal Public is always ready to grant to the industrious and unassuming candidate for its approbation.

BUXTON.

Appearance of the country around Buxton, and of its Buildings ; general observations on the improvements made by the late and the present Duke of Devonshire ; Antiquity ; the Crescent ; St. Ann's Well ; Ann's Cliff ; the Hall ; the Baths ; the Square ; the Stables and Circus ; new Church ; Theatre and Amusements.



ALTHOUGH Buxton is encircled by dreary hills that rear their dusky heads to the clouds, and the prospect around is nearly destitute of sylvan beauty, whilst the rude stone fences give a disagreeable monotonous appearance to the inclosures ; and their russet tint convey an idea of sterility even where fine herbage is abundant ; yet the surrounding mountains present many grand combinations of lines, and the valleys abound with rich sequestered scenes, that possess the highest degree of Picturesque beauty.

On approaching Buxton, by one of those steep roads, that wind along the side of a heathy mountain, whose stubborn sterility seems invincible ; we become well pleased by the sudden appearance of this famous watering place. Its beautiful buildings refresh the eye, and the mind is elated by the instantaneous display of so much elegance, in the midst of what might be imagined a desert : we wonder at the

appearance of classic temples ; of walks and drives thronged by gay visitors, that give an animated splendour to the place.

It must, however, be allowed, that some of the surrounding hills, are assuming a milder appearance from the influence of planting and cultivation : this, with other improvements, effected by the late Duke of Devonshire, has with the celebrity of its tepid springs, rendered Buxton a place of fashionable resort. When we contemplate that magnificent edifice, the Crescent, the grand stables and circus, the neat square, the beautiful church, and the various walks and drives executed by the orders of that nobleman, we cannot, otherwise, than regard them, as memorials of a fine taste, and a liberal disposition ; we see no frivolity, nothing made up for shew : all his undertakings bear the stamp of substantial grandeur, and required a princely fortune to complete.

It is highly gratifying to perceive, by the improvements which are now carrying on, that his Grace, the present Duke of Devonshire, is, with exquisite taste, following up the noble example of his illustrious father ; so that we may expect, Buxton will shortly become a very splendid watering place.

Buxton appears from various concurring circumstances, to be a place of considerable antiquity ; for there is sufficient evidence to support the conclusion of its having been known to the Romans ; but whether the Britons had a town there before the arrival of those mighty conquerors is a question that is involved in uncertainty. However, after mention-

ing the grounds from which the conclusion are founded that Buxton was held by the Romans, I shall notice, what appears to be the only circumstance for supposing the place to be of British origin : and although the evidence in proof of the latter be not near so conclusive as that of the former, yet it may not be altogether unworthy of notice. Several ancient roads concentrate at Buxton : one called the Bathway, or Bathom-gate, was connected with a Roman station at Brough near Hope ; another has been traced to Manchester, which, in different parts of its course is called High-street, Street-fields, Street-lane, Old-gate, &c. another to Congleton, and one to Little Chester, a Roman station close to the River Derwent near Derby. The Romans usually fixed a station where their roads intersected. The late Dr. Gale placed the Aquis of Ravennas at Buxton, although that antiquary had previously supposed it to be at Aidon in Northumberland.

Bishop Gibson noticed a Roman wall, cemented with red Roman plaster ; likewise the ruins of an ancient bath, close by St. Ann's Well. In the year 1709, when Sir Thomas Delves erected a stone alcove over the well as the memorial of a cure he had obtained from the healing powers of the waters, large leaden cisterns and various articles, apparently Roman, were found ; and in the year 1781 when the workmen were preparing the ground for the erection of the Crescent, the ancient bath was discovered : its form was an oblong square, which measured 30 feet by 15 feet, and at one end was a floodgate, by means of which, the water could be let out at pleasure :

these circumstances form a mass of pretty clear evidence that the Romans possessed Buxton. But the idea of its being a British town before their arrival in this country, must entirely depend upon the strength of probability for support. From the number of druidical temples that now exist, and many that have been destroyed in the High Peak, we may fairly conclude that it was a populous district at a remote period ; indeed, it cannot be supposed that there would be so many temples, where the number of inhabitants was small : and if the Druids possessed such extensive knowledge, as is generally attributed to them, it is not likely, that they would remain ignorant of the medicinal virtues, of the Buxton waters. Many persons might, therefore, be induced to reside near these springs, and thus a town would soon be formed, where also, accommodations might be afforded to the invalids whom the fame of the waters had induced to seek relief from their use. However remote might be the appropriation of these tepid springs ; yet the silence of the Saxon and Monkish annalists, respecting them, renders it probable, that they were either disused or only in small repute in the middle ages. Nor have we any record of their having been in high estimation until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Earl of Shrewsbury erected a convenient house for the reception of visitants ; a portion of this ancient fabric still remains, and forms a part of the building now called the Hall. Soon after it was completed, Dr. Jones gave a celebrity to the waters, by a treatise on their sanative qualities ; it was entitled, “ Buxtones Bathes Bene-

fyte, which cureth most grievous sickness, never before published; compiled by John Jones, Physition at the King's Mede near Derby, &c. 1572." In this publication, Dr. Jones describes the building, which the Earl of Shrewsbury had recently finished, in the verbose style of the age in which it was written, thus: "Joyninge to the chiefe springe, betwene the river and the bathe, is a very goodly house, foure square, foure stories hye, so well compacte with houses of office beneath, and above, and round about, with a great chambre and other goodly lodgings to the number of thirty: that it is and will be a bewty to beholde, and very notable for the honorable and worshipfull that shall have neede to repaire thither, as also for other. Yea the porest shall have lodgings and beds hard by for their uses only."

"This building occasioned the waters to be much more resorted to than heretofore by all ranks of people. Mary, Queen of Scots, being at that time in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, was brought along with him, and his wife Elizabeth, in one of his visits to this place, on which occasion this heroic and unfortunate Princess applied to Buxton, Cæsar's verses upon Feltria, with some alteration:

Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebrare nomine lymphæ,
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, vale."

"Buxton, whose fame thy milk-warm waters tell,
Whom I, perhaps, no more shall see, farewell."*

As the fame of the waters became extended, the

* Gough's additions to the Britannia.

demand for accommodations increased ; and the Hall proving insufficient to supply them, a great part of it was taken down, and an enlarged edifice completed, for the reception of visitants, about the year 1670, by William, third Earl of Devonshire. But the grand and highly finished improvements remained for the fine taste of the late and present Duke of Devonshire to accomplish : accordingly in the year 1781 the building of that superb edifice, the Crescent, commenced. It is of the Doric order, and was executed under the superintendence of the late Mr. Car of York ; of whose great skill as an architect this building bears sufficient testimony. It has three stories ; in the lower one there is a rusticated arcade that forms an agreeable promenade in unfavourable weather ; above the arches an elegant balustrade stretches along the whole front and the ends of the fabric : over the piers of the arcade, arise fluted doric pilasters, that support the architrave and cornice, the trygliphs in the architrave, and the rich plancer of the cornice, have a beautiful appearance : the termination above the cornice is formed by another balustrade that extends along the whole building ; in the centre of which, are the Duke's arms finely sculptured. In the space between the windows of the second and third stories runs an enriched string-course. The floor of the arcade is several feet higher than the graveled area, between which communications are formed by seven different flights of steps. The span of the Crescent is two hundred feet, and each wing measures fifty-eight feet three inches ; making the whole extent of the front, three hundred

and sixteen feet six inches; and it is adorned with fifty-two fluted pilasters.

It contains three hotels respectively called St. Ann's, the Centre, and the great Hotel, likewise a Library and News Room which is kept by Mr. Moore, who furnishes an excellent selection of books for general reading. The great Hotel contains a very elegant assembly room, which is 75 feet 6 inches long, 30 feet 2 inches wide, and 30 feet high. It has a coved ceiling, and is richly ornamented with plaster work, and adorned with two superb glass chandeliers.

Near to the western end of the Crescent is St. Ann's well, a beautiful little building in the Grecian style; it is terminated with an elegant urn. Here the water is usually taken; visitants are served with it by the well-women, whose attendance is so arranged that there is always one of them in waiting; they are very attentive to every comer in, to whom they quickly present a glass of water from the limpid stream, which flows from a pipe into a neat basin of white Italian marble. It is sweet and pleasant to the taste, and distinctly perceived to be warm on drinking. Few visitants, perhaps, depart from Buxton, without leaving some token of approbation, with these females for their active attentions. Close by this building is a double pump, from which both warm and cold water is obtained, within the space of twelve inches from each other: this was formerly regarded as one of the seven wonders of the Peak; but later discoveries amongst the wonders of nature have with the great progress of science; now much

reduced the importance of those wonders of the wonder-making age.*

The square is a handsome mass of building situated at the back of the Crescent, but connected with it by an arcade, which is also continued along three sides of the square, forming a covered walk of considerable extent; neatness and simplicity of style characterise this pile, which consists of a series of shops and lodging houses; for the latter purpose their contiguity to the Baths renders them extremely convenient.

The new stables, now claim our notice; it is a large pile of building, in the form of a square, with the corners taken off, making an irregular octagon, but whose opposite sides, are equal; within it, is a circular area, around which is an elegant colonade that forms a covered ride, one hundred and sixty yards round, and three yards and a half wide, where company take exercise on horseback in unpleasant weather. These grand stables accord well with the magnificence of the Crescent, and belong to its different Hotels. Near the stables is a very spacious repository for carriages where those vehicles are completely sheltered.

The New Church is an elegant structure executed after the Tuscan order. The east front has large columns supporting a massive pediment, in the execution of which, very large blocks of stone have

* The other reputed wonders are, Poole's Hole, Eldon Hole, the Peak Cavern, Mam Tor, or the Shivering Mountain, Chatsworth, and the Ebbing and Flowing Well.

been used; the masonry is excellent, and the building has altogether an air of substantial grandeur: the interior is elegantly finished, and in a style that is extremely chaste. All the angles of the edifice are rusticated, with huge blocks of stone. The west end is ornamented with an elegant tower, and the whole building, is very properly surrounded by a broad pavement, that is brought close up to its wall.

It would have been well, if our ancestors had attended to a similar plan, which is so well calculated to prevent inhumation (except by means of vaults), close to the walls of the church, and to preserve the basement from being buried in the manner that those of most of our beautiful gothic churches are, by which, the appearance of the buildings becomes greatly injured, whilst their interiors are rendered very damp by accumulations of earth above their floors. It is therefore, to be hoped that so judicious a plan may be adopted in the future erection of Churches.

The Crescent, the Stables, the Square, and the Church, are the principal buildings erected by the late Duke of Devonshire; they are constructed of fine free stone produced in the neighbourhood. The Duke is said, to have expended £120,000 in completing the Crescent and Stables, about thirty years ago, which is perhaps equal at least twice that amount at the present time. Besides the Crescent and the square, Buxton contains many other accommodations adapted to every description of visitors: the most elegant, suited to the highest rank; the plain for the middle class; and the most economical, for the poorer. The Hall is a very excellent hotel, and

the Grove, the George, the Angel, the Eagle, and the Shakespear are comfortable Inns.

There are six Baths at Buxton, of the natural heat of the springs; one public and two private for gentlemen; one public and one private for ladies; and the charity bath. There are also two hot baths, which have been lately erected, that can be expeditiously heated to any degree that is requisite for bathing. The water is exceedingly pellucid, but on standing to cool in a glass it is perceived to become dim assuming rather a milky appearance: on being heated again it recovers its former transparency. Another remarkable circumstance attending this water, is, that bubbles are continually rising from the crevices at the bottom of the bath (from whence the water issues into it,) to the surface, in a very irregular manner, sometimes they rise in single bubbles, then in clusters or in a stream. The water being suffered to stand a short time, in any vessel, the sides of it will be covered with small bubbles.

The springs throw up about sixty gallons of water per minute.

According to Dr. Pearson's analysis of the Buxton water, it appears, that a gallon of it, on evaporation produced sixteen grains of sediment, of which eleven grains and a half were calcarious earth, two grains and a half vitriolic selenite, and one grain and three quarters sea-salt.

The following is a later analysis of Buxton water, which is from Nicholson's Dictionary of chemistry.

“This is a hot water, resembling that of Bristol. It raises the thermometer to 81°. or 82°.”

“ It has a sweet and pleasant taste.

“ It contains 1,75 grains of muriate of soda, 25 grains of sulphate of lime, and 10,5 grains of carbonate of lime in the wine gallon. It contains likewise a sixty-fourth of its bulk of air, which is chiefly nitrogen gas, mixed with a little atmospheric air.”

The Buxton water is a particularly efficacious remedy for the cure of that great affliction to which mankind are subject, the rheumatism; its fame in this respect stands unrivalled; the gout and palsy are also relieved by it. It is also found serviceable in nephritic, bilious disorders, and debility of the stomach and intestines.

On plunging into the bath a slight shock is received which is succeeded by an agreeable warmth: the time for remaining in the bath should not exceed four minutes, as its relaxing powers then begin to operate; before breakfast, is recorded to be the best time for bathing; and it is recommended, never to enter the bath immediately after drinking the water, or eating. Exercise is also recommended previous to immersion; and but few disorders require the bath oftener than once in twenty four hours.

On the first use of these waters the head becomes affected, with a kind of giddiness, attended with a fulness of body and drowsiness; however, after using them a few days, these sensations go off; and persons afflicted with rheumatism experience an increase of their pains for several days after using them, but this is said to be no unpromising symptom; the brush and pump are also applied to particular parts that may be affected.

Patients should be cautious of making too liberal a use of the water which “when drank in any considerable quantity, occasions many feverish symptoms, and is found to possess a binding and heating quality. In the observations on Buxton water, by Dr. Denman are some judicious directions, founded on his own practice. He considers it as a more active remedy than is generally supposed; and not only dissuades from its use in all inflammatory and feverish complaints, but likewise limits the quantity to be taken, in cases where its use is efficacious, to a moderate portion. In common, he observes, two glasses, each of the size of the third part of a pint, are as much as ought to be drank before breakfast, at the distance of forty minutes between each: and one or two of the same glasses between breakfast and dinner will be quite sufficient. With respect to bathing, he recommends for invalids, the time between breakfast and dinner as the most proper; and directs that the prescribed, or usual exercise, should be taken before going into the bath: the water never to be drank immediately previous to bathing.”

In one of the rooms the following verses were found written upon the wall by a physician who visited the place.

“Corpore debilior Grani se proluit undis:
 Quærit aquas Aponi, quem febris atra necat:
 Ut penitus renem purget; cur Psaulia tanti,
 Vel, quæ lucinæ gaudia, Calderiæ?
 Sola mihi Buxtona placit: Buxtona Britannis
 Undæ Grani, Aponus, Psaulia, Calderæ.”

“In Gran’s fam’d baths the feeble patient laves;
 Whom dismal fevers seize, in Apon’s waves.”

At Psaulia shall a purge so dear be bought?
 For teeming throes Calderiæ far be sought?
 When here at Buxton (Britain's choice) appear
 Gran, Apon, Psaulia, and Calderiæ,* near."

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire has lately erected two hot baths at the north-east end of the Crescent; where the water is expeditiously heated by means of steam, to any degree necessary for bathing; and the complete manner in which the apparatus performs that operation, reflects great credit on the scientific skill of its designer, Mr. Silvester, of Derby. These baths are lined with Italian marble and Porcelain tiles, which give them a very elegant appearance.

Persons who resort to the Duke's houses, have the exclusive privilege of bathing before nine o'clock.

There is a charitable Institution in Buxton, the funds, of which are raised by collecting one shilling from every visitant who stays more than one day in the place; from which fourteen indigent persons (who come furnished with proper certificates signed by the ministers of their respective parishes and medical attendants, stating them to be proper objects of charity) bathe, gratis, at the bath appropriated to the use of the poor, and are furnished with proper medicines; and each receives six shillings per week for four weeks. Two charity sermons are usually preached in the season, when collections are made in aid of the funds of the Institution.

The means by which the finances of this cha-

* Places abroad noted for the virtue of their waters.

rity is supplied, is a treble appeal to the feelings of many persons ; viz. bodily, mental, and religious ; surely those who experience the excruciating pain of a violent disorder, and here find an alleviation of their misery ; must, acutely feel the powerful claims of poverty, labouring under a similar affliction, whom their bounty will tend to relieve ; it would, therefore, be an unpardonable inattention to fellow-suffering for those who possess the means, to neglect the opportunity of aiding so laudable an institution. Nearly two hundred persons, annually, partake of this charity, which circumstance shows the great importance of a small individual subscription.

The improvements that are now carrying on upon Ann's cliff, a hill fronting the Crescent, are of a truly elegant description, and, when finished will eminently display the fine taste, and munificence of his grace the Duke of Devonshire. A series of terrace walks, one above another, sweep in a circular direction to agree with the convex form of the hill, and communicate with each other by means of a flight of steps at each end and in the centre of the different walks. The summit is to be terminated by an elegant ornamental building ; so that when finished the whole will most happily harmonize with the grandeur of the Crescent. The design for this grand work was furnished by Mr. Wyatt, whose eminence as an architect is so well known as to render eulogy superfluous ; therefore, such ability being engaged in the undertaking may be considered a sufficient ensurance, that the whole, when finished, will display a symmetrical design regulated by refined taste.

When Mr. Pilkington wrote his view of the present state of Derbyshire, there was a low or barrow, on the top of Ann's cliff which he describes thus. "Here is a low, or barrow, of a different shape from any which I have seen in Derbyshire. It is long, narrow at the top, and slants off at the sides and ends: the length at the bottom is about fifteen yards; and the breadth six yards; its height is about two yards. This barrow is encompassed by a ditch nearly six yards wide; and has a cavity about six yards in diameter, and one in depth, at each end near the south-west and north-west corners."

"The late Rev. Mr. Watson, rector of Stockport, in a letter written to Mr. Pegge in the year 1782, observes that the remains of an ancient settlement, supposed by him to be Roman, was visible on this piece of ground."

The amusements at Buxton consist of hunting and shooting; plays, assemblies, card parties, and billiards. An extensive common, about two miles from Buxton furnishes a variety of game; hares, grouse, partridges, snipes, dottrel, and plover, which will afford some diversion to those who are partial to shooting. There is a subscription pack of harriers kept by the neighbouring gentry, for hunting, which, in this hilly district, with stone fences, will prove a novel diversion to those who have always been accustomed to hunt in a comparatively flat country where the fences are formed by hedges, from the contrast being so very striking.

There is a dress Ball on Wednesday, and undress Balls on Monday and Friday in each week during the

season. Here is also an elegant Card Room adjoining the Assembly Room which is open every evening.

The Theatre is a very mean looking building, but the interior is neatly fitted up ; and the company of performers very respectable : so that the kernel proves good, although the shell is unpromising.

The Serpentine Walks commence opposite to the square, winding on each side of the river Wye, which is here a very small stream, but whose murmuring cascades, give sweet invitation to these rural retreats, where retired from the crowd, contemplation may enjoy her musings, or gaiety trip, well-pleased, along the vermicular paths.

On a still evening when the Moon sheds her silver radiance around, this will prove a delightful walk to those who can enjoy a solitary ramble : small parts then, become united with the surrounding mountains, and form immense masses, that are truly sublime, and serve powerfully, to inspire the mind with great ideas, and raise it to the contemplation of things divine.

Between the trees Cynthia shoots her pale beams, that sportive dance on the purling stream, and which meet the eye in many twinkling rays.

The rural symphony produced by the continual murmur of the cascades, and the dying vibrations of the distant village bells ; whose plaintive cadences, strike the ear with varied strength, as we thread the winding paths ; gives a soothing melody that stills every harsh idea—raises the mind to heavenly musing—and supplies those exquisite associations by which it feels abstracted—roving in a better world—holding delightful converse with superior beings.

“ O! for a spark of that immortal flame,
Which fir'd a Newton's breast! that, while I stray,
Amid these solemn shades, and view yon lamp
Of heaven, with all the stars that spangle,
O'er the sky, my soul may rise beyond this
Lower world, and hold sweet converse with its God.”

These walks are very tastefully laid out, and decorated with a thriving plantation; which, with their amenity render them very attractive. On entering the walks we perceive the Wye running through a tunnel underneath the Crescent; its source (called Wye Head) is a small limestone rock situated in a field not quite half a mile off. It is however soon joined by a more considerable stream, called Cary Brook, which has its rise from a bleak moor, and some coal-pits which are several miles distant. It is an ochereous water, which gives a yellow tinge to the stones that lie in its channel.


The Old Church at Buxton is a very mean building. It formerly contained a statue of St. Anne to whom, the superstition of former times attributed the miraculous power of performing all the cures that the medicinal qualities of the waters had effected: convalescents offered up their crutches to the saint, and the church became decorated with a great many of those emblems of disease. This object of superstitious veneration was destroyed at the reformation, when the votive crutches were also taken away: however since that time the waters have been found to possess all those healing powers that were attributed to the saint.

This church is now used for a school: it was dedicated to St. John, but before the reformation

St. Anne was its patron: the ostensible object of this change of the patron saint, was for the purpose of tearing away the film of superstition that clouded the minds of the lower classes of the community; the removal of a primary cause was certainly the most likely means, to effect that intention; yet this change did not entirely eradicate the remembrance of St. Anne; so prone was human nature to superstition that it still clung to its object and the name of St Anne, was kept appended to the well, and retained in the appellation of the hill in front of the Crescent: although those names are still continued yet the superstition, has, long since, vanished away.

EXCURSION

TO POOLE'S HOLE, GRINLOW, (ITS SINGULAR APPEARANCE AND CURIOUS HUTS) DIAMOND HILL, AX EDGE, MOUNTAIN STREAM, BOGGY SUMMIT OF THATCH-MARSH, RIVER GOIT, AND GOIT CLOUGH.

 AT the distance of about half a mile south-west from Buxton, Grinlow is easily to be distinguished from the surrounding hills; it is rendered very remarkable by being covered with large heaps of lime ashes, and a number of lime-kilns—clouds of smoke roll heavily from them—the russet hill has a very

ruinous aspect ; and in fancy's eye, it has the appearance of a volcano--small curling columns of smoke issue from various heaps of ruins which imagination soon attributes to lava coming in contact with something inflammable in its progress down the hill ; we become much surprised to find, on visiting the spot, that the smoke issues from human habitations, scooped out of the heaps of lime ashes, that have become case-hardened by the weather and thereby rendered impervious to the rain. These dwellings have a very singular effect ; and so forcibly convey the idea of being primitive habitations, that we cannot forbear thinking them the abodes of á race of beings, in a state of barbarity. A few years time will make a considerable alteration in the appearance of this hill, as his Grace the Duke of Devonshire has caused it to be very thickly planted, but the trees at present are so very small that they are scarcely perceivable.

In this hill is situated a curious cavern called *Poole's Hole*, from a traditional tale that it became the retreat of an outlaw, named Poole, who here eluded the search of his pursuers. It is a very spacious natural cavity, situated in the limestone, the entrance forms a striking contrast to that of the Peak Cavern at Castleton, which is spacious and grand : this is mean and contracted ; however, the interior abounds with a curious variety of objects and extremely wild subterranean scenery, that is sometimes very capacious and grand, so that, altogether, it will be found well worth investigating. The entrance is by a narrow passage, where I found it necessary to stoop, as I proceeded ; and my guide,

an old woman, presently shewed me the turtle which is a mass of stalagmite, that approaches somewhat towards the form of one. The next object is Poole's saddle, which is very like one, but it is rather injured by people breaking pieces off; a little further is the petrified tripe, where the water in trickling down leaves the surface so regularly waved as to give it an appearance resembling tripe: here we also see a hole in the stone worn by water constantly falling in single drops on that part, shewing what may be effected by perseverance. We next come to the petrifying spring, Poole's chair, and the flitch of bacon; these are about one hundred and twenty yards from the entrance; the vault is now very capacious; on the bottom the rocks are jumbled together in great disorder and the sides are covered with stalactite in a very grotesque manner. Another lump of stalagmite is called squire Cotton's hay-cock, from being named the hay-cock by Mr. Cotton; this is half way up the cave. Another mass of the same substance is called the font, where the guide says, Poole christened his children. A ship sailing, is the next object pointed out; but I could not fancy the least resemblance. The next object, is the rude form of a lion, which bears some resemblance to one; it is stationed near the lady's dressing-table, as a centinel to keep off "each vagrant foot, and each licentious eye."

The carved rock is the next object to be noticed, it is covered with stalactites; the organ pipes are here pointed out; also Poole's horse; but its head is now broken off; yet the resemblance in other

respects is tolerable. The cave now becomes much narrower, and continues so, to the Queen of Scot's Pillar, an enormous stalactite; as far as which, that unfortunate Princess in one of her visits to Buxton is said to have ventured, in order to explore the cave; underneath it is a huge mass of stalagmite. Here my guide informed me, that few people ventured beyond the pillar: that herself and five other old women, who shared the money derived from conducting strangers into the cave, were all become very inactive, and had not been to the end, for several years; that climbing up the rocks, now fatigued them very much, and that it was a very difficult climbing job, for about the distance of eighty yards. I therefore proceeded without my infirm guide. From the pillar I descended a little, but with some difficulty, over some disjointed rocks, and then proceeded to scramble up the disordered masses of slippery craggs; on reaching the extremity I perceived several names written upon the rock. Having satisfied my curiosity, here, I began to return by the way which I expected would conduct me back; but found no passage: I tried another part but without success; then made a third effort, and still no road could I find; in several other attempts my efforts were still unsuccessful; and now a drop of water from the roof struck the flame of my candle; it fizzed and nearly expired. I now began to be very cautious, lest darkness should envelope me in a place where, by a false step, I might slip down between the rude masses of rocks, that are here thrown into very great confusion; on

making another effort, to find the hole by which I had entered this part of the cave, I heard my guide call, I answered "lost my way," upon which she said 'keep where you are and I'll come.' however I continued my search, and after some time I perceived the light of my guide's candle below, which shewed the small opening by which I had entered; when, I called to the poor old creature to spare her wearied limbs any further trouble, as I perceived my deliverance at hand. My mistake arose from not descending when I began to return; on the contrary I kept ascending which brought me into other craggy chambers, through which there was no passage, my guide informed me that two gentlemen had, in the same manner lost their way this summer. On descending, my guide directed me through the eye of St. Andrew's needle, which I had clambered over in going, however to pass through it was by far the easier way; it is formed by a huge block of limestone, that lies in an oblique direction against others, in such a manner, as to leave a small passage underneath it. Returning from the Queen of Scots Pillar at the distance of about twenty yards, is the Bee Hive, a mass of stalagmite that in its shape very much resembles one; but here no vivifying sun is felt; nor fragrant flowers shed their odours around; or balmy zephyrs fan the gloom, to entice the industrious inmates forth: all are fixed by the chilling wand of Cernus, and here is no Sabrina to set them free. My guide now brought me through another passage, immediately underneath the part I had traced before, and pointed out the Two-headed Giant, consisting of

two large round lumps of stalactite, one immediately upon the other, which being larger than the rest of the figure, it becomes a sorry resemblance. The next object is a Crocodile in the water, which I walked upon, and found the animal very peaceable. The Wool Packs are next observed; they are immense masses of stalagmite that grow in a very remarkable manner from the side of the cave, and we pass under a part of the projecting mass. Poole's Closet, Chamber, and Cellar, and, near the entrance, his Shelf, which is a curious formation of the rock, are also recommended to notice. This is a very extraordinary cave, opening into spacious vaults; its rocks are extremely rude and slippery, which renders it rather difficult to explore, particularly beyond the Queen of Scots Pillar. It will be found curious, to observe, how the great masses of stalagmite are accumulating, from the drippings of water, and the various grotesque forms that they assume on the sides, the bottom, and the roof of the cave; in short this is a natural curiosity, that will afford amusement to every visitor. It has a character very different to the Peak Cavern, at Castleton, and extends 2007 feet from the entrance.

On the hill near the cave, some of those dwellings, that are scooped out of the lime ashes, may be perceived; a rude chimney, starting out of the ground, consisting of a few rough stones, piled up, with grass growing close to them, appears extremely singular. I now followed the lane which brought me into the Leek road, passing by the end of Grinlow, where there is a considerable lime work.

The appearance of carts and horses at the top of loose heaps of lime rubbish, in a lofty situation, seems very perilous ; as the shivery heaps of rubbish appear too fragile, to sustain them, so that we feel concerned for their safety : here is also seen several other dwellings burrowed in the lime ashes. Beyond Grinlow, I crossed over a few inclosures on the left, to Diamond Hill ; where, in a soft soil, I picked up some of those beautiful quartz crystals, called Buxton Diamonds ; some of which were very perfect hexagonal prisms, terminated at each end by a pyramid ; they were very transparent, and some of them of a pink colour, I also found a few perfect cubes of fluor, of a dirty brown colour. These crystals being found perfect, and detached, is a singular circumstance, and perhaps peculiar to this spot. From hence, I returned to the Leek road, which runs along the lower part of Axe Edge, a very lofty mountain, rising to the height of 1,100 feet above the level of the baths at Buxton, and 2,100 feet above the level of the river Derwent, at Derby : it consists of grit-stone, upon which is a stratum of peat-moss, of considerable thickness : numerous springs issue from the mountain, whose waters congregate in the valley, and form the river Dove, at Dove-Head, a small hamlet in the bottom, where it runs through a narrow glen, and forms the boundary line of the counties of Derby and Stafford, until it joins the Trent ; flowing through the beautiful Berresford Dale, near Hartington, and the romantic Dove Dale, near Ashburn. The summit of Axe Edge, was completely enveloped in clouds ; in a clear atmos-

phere it is said, to command a very extensive prospect into Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire, bounded by the Welsh mountains, and, that the light-house at Bidston, beyond Liverpool, may also to be seen with a glass.

At a sudden turn of the road, an amber coloured stream comes gurgling over ledges of grit-stone, between two mountains, in a manner so pleasingly wild, as induced me to follow its vermicular course, up the hill ; in one place it springs up from the peat-moss, with an ebullition that resembles boiling water ; at length I reached the boggy summit of Thatchmarsh ; and now my ramble assumed a desultory character. The boggy summit of a high mountain, was a scene so novel to me, that I resolved to wander a little upon it, although the weather was extremely unfavourable. I presently came upon a newly made road, which in some places proved very elastic from being laid upon the peat-moss ; and now an extensive boggy plain is spread before me, with innumerable channels cut in it by the streams, that flow in every direction, whose chocolate colour, is given by the peat-moss. It seems beyond the power of human art to bring this dreary and ungenial waste into a state of cultivation. Following the new road, it finally led me into the Congleton turnpike road, which I pursued towards Buxton for about the distance of half a mile, and then turned to the left for the Macclesfield road, where I came to the little river Goit, whose waters were falling over an irregular bed of grit-stone, in a manner so very picturesque, as to entice

me to follow it nearly to its source in Goit Moss ; heavy rain had swollen the stream and much increased its interest. On its banks the peat-moss is observed from six to nine feet in thickness, its dark colour forms a striking contrast to the grit-stone that lies immediately underneath it. I now determined to trace the stream downward ; it accompanies the turnpike road, for about half a mile, and then turns suddenly to the left, down Goit Clough ; at this turn another stream joins it ; and the banks assume a grotesque appearance, from being composed of vast beds of shale, which are worn by the streams and decomposition by the atmosphere. The hills on each side the clough are dreary, and sometimes craggy, but their forms are lumpish, and are far from being picturesque. Numerous rills issue from them which fall into the river ; at one point in the clough, a fall on each side of the river directly opposite to each other is seen pouring from a considerable height. All along, the river wildly dashes over ledges of rocks and stones, that lie in its course ; affording numberless little falls, that form interesting studies to an artist, and are admirably adapted for the purpose of enriching foregrounds : the water, perhaps, may not be unaptly termed a decoction of the peat-moss ; where it falls in thin sheets over the rocks, it is of a fine amber colour, but where it forms a greater body, the tone it assumes is a deep transparent brown. Approaching night, now urged me to return, or I should have followed this little brawling river still further. Its interest was considerably heightened by the heavy rain that had recently fallen : but in continued dry



MONSAL FALE.



ACHFORD.

weather its attractions, I judge, may be trifling. The whole day has proved gloomy, nor did the sun once peep forth to enliven the scene : yet in the midst of all unfavourable circumstances, the novelty of the scenery creates much interest ; and although the varieties of light and shade were wanting, yet I felt highly gratified with my ramble.

“ Now twilight slowly o’er the landscape steals,
And solemn gloom each fading shape conceals.”

Ere I had traced half my way to Buxton, darkness with rapid strides gained fast upon me.

“ Now the blind Night, enwrap’d in gloom profound,
Ope’s all her hundred ears to catch each sound
That feebly trembles o’er the air.”—

The mountains now appear one vast blot, whilst the twinkling lights in various cottages serve to give an idea of the immense depth of their shade.

“ Confounded colour sinks upon the plain,
And growing darkness spreads her rayless reign.”

EXCURSION

TO CHATSWORTH ; BY THE LOVER’S LEAP, IN ASHWOOD DALE, TADDINGTON, TADDINGTON DALE, LOWER PART OF MONSAL DALE, THE MARBLE MILLS, ASHFORD, AND EDENSOR ; RETURN BY HASSOP, WARDLOW, WARDLOW DALE, TIDESWELL, WHES-
TON, TIDESWELL DALE, MILLER’S DALE, MONSAL DALE, AND MILL HILL.



AN artist, who intends to make the best of his day in a long excursion, will rise early, and with-

a biscuit in his pocket, commence his journey without waiting for a formal breakfast, or even the serving up of any meal according to time; he will refresh himself when an opportunity may occur, on his journey, that is when it will not prevent him from enjoying a mental repast. Actuated by these maxims, I arose, to commence this excursion before the sun had raised his golden crown above the horizon, yet the crimsoned eastern sky announced his near approach.

“ But yonder comes the powerful King of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks with boundless majesty abroad ;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar.”——

The numerous objects that present themselves for observation, in this excursion, and the beautiful scenes with which it abounds, would serve an artist several days to cull their beauties; for nature has been very profuse, in decorating the river Wye, with pictures of romantic grandeur, and the principal part of its scenery, is included within the circuit of this ramble.

On proceeding towards Fairfield, the river will be perceived to turn down a dale on the right, accompanied by a new turnpike road, which presently brings us to some rock scenery, of a bold and romantic character; the dale is called Ashwood,

through which the interesting river Wye, foams over a stony channel, and dashes against huge fragments of limestone, that obstruct its course. A narrow rift on the right, is called the Lover's Leap, an appellation that indicates a tragic event.

In this narrow chasm, is a small waterfall that is very picturesque, particularly after heavy rains. The New Ride leads along the summit of these rocks, from whence I descended into the glen above the fall, where the small rivulet, the impending craggs, and the scattered fragments, produce (though small,) an extremely wild and solitary scene. Returning from this little digression, to follow the Wye again ; we are presented with a succession of bold limestone cliffs, that extend more than a mile farther, which will be found to afford some close scenes, that are worthy the artist's attention ; and the botanist may derive high gratification, from inspecting the plants that grow upon the rocks ; of which he will find a great variety, that are very curious : in short, the neighbourhood of Buxton, is famous for a great variety of peculiar plants.

A new mill, will be observed, that wants the mellowing tints of time, to make it harmonize with the scenery : farther on, Cowlow bridge, old and ruinous will be found, a picturesque object, that harmonizes most happily with the scene. Beyond this bridge, the road begins to rise along the side of a hill, and continues to ascend to a fearful height above the river which it presently leaves ; then the country becomes rather uninteresting for several miles, which is however sometimes relieved by a fine

mountainous distance. In the church yard at Taddington stands an ancient stone Cross. After passing through the village, the road descends through Taddington dale, a very picturesque rocky glen, that is sweetely decorated with hazles, extending about two miles in length. On reaching the end of this dale, we meet with the Wye again, in its course, through the lower part of Monsal dale, which again becomes a pleasant and lively companion ; we cross the river over a new bridge. Lofty hills, rise on each side of the dale ; and now the valley widens, and the Wye winds through some fields to the marble mills, which, are the first that were erected in this kingdom for the purpose of sawing and polishing marble.*

The different machines are admirably adapted to their intended purposes ; indeed the superior polish that is here given to the marble, evinces the excellence of their construction.

In the sawing mill, a motion is given by means of a crank, to a swinging frame, that moves the saws ; and a block of marble being properly fixed, is cut down into as many slabs, as may be required, by one process.

* These mills are on the estate of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and are in the occupation of Mr. Brown, sculptor and marble-mason ; who exhibits chimney pieces here, for sale ; also at Mr. Mawe's Museums at Matlock and Castleton ; and at his ware-rooms and residence in Derby, where an elegant variety of Foreign as well as Derbyshire marble ones are exhibited,

The sweeping mill, is a round building. where the sawn slabs are brought to a level face, for the polishing machine. For this purpose a floor is made with the slabs, and others are so fastened with chains, as to be drawn upon the floor in a circular direction, which motion, is given by means of a vertical shaft, in the centre of the building being turned by the water wheel ; the slabs are then completely covered with water, and supplied with sand ; by this process, the whole is brought to a level surface together.

In the polishing mill, the prepared slabs are laid upon a platform, which has a very slow motion given to it, by means of a worm and crank, whilst the polishing materials are worked in a longitudinal direction ; these cross motions, are necessary, not only to prevent a raced or line polish ; (which would be very defective) but also to admit the materials to pass over the whole of the slabs that are laid down to be polished.

The different kinds of Derbyshire marble that are worked here, are the entrochal, the corrolloid, the bird eye, and the black : the latter is obtained within a few hundred yards of the mills, from the hill to the left of the road leading towards Ashford ; where a large quantity of limestone rubble is seen. The getting of this marble is attended with much difficulty, and considerable expence ; from the stratum being obliged to be followed on the principle of mining, in doing this large pillars are left to support the roof.

His Imperial Highness, the Archduke Mi-

chael, in his progress through Derbyshire, in the month of July 1818, being forcibly struck with the grand effect of an enriched black marble chimney piece, and its peculiarly fine lustre, was induced to purchase it of Mr. Brown.

The eminences on the other side of the river afford some fine views; the valley about Ashford is richly wooded; the village with its humble church, just peeps above the trees, and distant hills come into the view with good effect. In the foreground, the meanderings of the Wye, enrich the scene and the motions of three water wheels at the marble mills, are both lively and picturesque; immediately, on each side, hills arise with a bold ascent, whilst the roads creeping at their feet, give a pleasing variety to the composition: the whole displays, such a happy adaptation of parts; that they form a rich combination for the pencil. In a contrary direction, the view up Monsal dale, is very interesting, a succession of declivities, that form the windings of the dale, have a curious appearance, and a mountainous distance forms a fine termination to the view.

Ashford, is a chapelry in the parish of Bakewell; it is a pleasant and very picturesque village. The river Wye flows through it, from which circumstance it is called Ashford in the water. In the south wall of the church is a semicircular stone rudely sculptured, which probably belonged to a more ancient structure.

“ Here Edward Plantaganet of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, and after him, the Hollands, Earls

of Kent, and more recently, the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, had a residence; of which, the only vestige now remaining, is the moat that surrounds the castle. This estate was sold by the Earl of Westmoreland, to Sir William Cavendish, the favourite of Wolsey, and still continues in the Cavendish family, being the property of the Duke of Devonshire."

From hence to Chatsworth is about four miles, making the whole distance from Buxton about fifteen miles. At the end of the village the road passes the charming residence of ——— Ashby, Esquire. Edensor is a pleasant village, close to Chatsworth Park. The church contains the tomb of the first Earl of Devonshire; a large monument to the memory of Henry Cavendish, the eldest son of Sir William; also a long latin epitaph to the memory of one of the domestics of Mary Queen of Scots, who died, at Chatsworth, while in the service of that unfortunate princess.

Here is an excellent inn, where persons visiting Chatsworth, leave their equipage, and then walk to the mansion. The lodge is near; where, through a spacious arch-way, we enter the Park.* I now returned by way of Tideswell, for the purpose of inspecting the fine scenery of Miller's Dale, and to follow the Wye into Monsal Dale. About a mile and a half from Chatsworth, is the small village of

* Having given a description of Chatsworth in my Excursions to Matlock and its vicinity, page 87, it is unnecessary to give another here.

Pilsley, from whence we see the pleasant grounds of Hassop, the charming seat of the Earl of Newburgh, which is about two miles off; where, will be noticed a Roman Catholic Chapel; which has just been erected by his Lordship. It is a substantial and grand building, executed after the Tuscan order. About three miles and a half further, brings us into the turnpike road, that leads from Ashford to Tideswell, (having passed through Great Longstone and Little Longstone); near to the spot, where, a view into Monsal Dale has been so highly panegyricized by many writers, as being uncommonly grand and Picturesque; were I to follow the same strain of praise, it would be in opposition to my small share of judgment, and be committing an act of violence to my feelings.* I am fully aware, that to oppose the opinions of many is hazardous, so far as regards the creating of opponents; for we find, many will hold fast by the errors they have imbibed, and even become violent in the support of them, at the expence of reason. But he, who can echo the ideas of another, in opposition to his own, possesses an unenviable pliancy of disposition; to such a Writer, I would apply the language of Shensstone, and say,

* Some tourists tell us of nothing but what they happen to meet with upon a good road, as if there did not exist any thing worthy of observation elsewhere; which is the reason of this view being trumpeted in a higher strain than any other Derbyshire scene; their accounts are pirated by others who are too lazy to travel—such echoes are always inferior to the originals.

"Thy pen demolish; chuse the trustier flail,
 And bless those labours which the choice inspired :
 And if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight
 Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,
 Him envy, him admire; him, from thy breast,
 Prescient of future dignities, salute!"

It will be allowed, that the beautiful is not always sublime, nor the sublime always beautiful; and, that the union of those qualities in their most eminent degree, will produce the highest pitch of grandeur: vastness and a certain portion of obscurity, are qualities of the sublime; whilst diversity and easy flowing lines, are qualities of Picturesque beauty: but here, the forms are lumpish, and monotonous; no flowing line occurs, except that of the river, which has a too map-like appearance, from its being so immediately underneath the eye; and the few rocks that appear, are too trifling to make a conspicuous feature in the view. Had I not seen Matlock Dale from Masson, Darley Dale from Riber, Edale from Lose Hill; and many other views in the Peak, where, the sublime unites with picturesque beauty in forming scenes of grandeur; I might have allowed rather more importance to this view, which, in the scale of comparison, bears so inferior a station, that I wonder it should have been eulogized in the manner it has been by different writers; whilst they have neglected to notice scenes that far transcend it: however, I do not mean to say, that it is altogether uninteresting, for a peep down into such a deep dale, will always arrest the attention, although the hills by which it may be bounded be uncouth, and their forms offensive to the eye of the traveller fond of the pictu-

resque. To make a good picture of such a scene, and to preserve the portrait, would, perhaps puzzle that colossus in landscape painting, Turner, who, perhaps, possesses more controul over his subject by the skilful management of light and shadow, than any other painter ; indeed the fine engravings in Cooke's Southern Coast, from the drawings of that eminent artist, bear sufficient testimony, of his extraordinary powers as a Landscape Painter. Claude's subjects are beautiful, but Turner's are grand, from the high quality of mind that is infused into them. On directing the eye towards the left, we have a captivating assemblage of mountains in the distance. The road keeps rising, until we pass over the end of Longstone Edge, and then it descends to Wardlow, which is but a mean village. On the left is a conical hill, called Hay Cop ; from its apex, we have a most extensive view of the surrounding country ; Ax Edge and other mountains in the vicinity of Buxton, Kinder Scout and South Head, Eyam Edge, Bretton and Sir William, with numerous other mountains and villages. Here, the picturesque tourist may enjoy those exquisite delights, that result from the contemplation of nature, in an expansive view of a mountainous country.

“ See how sublime th’ uplifted mountains rise,
And with their pointed heads invade the skies”

The transient effects of light and shadow, produced by the swiftly rolling clouds ; and the passing shower, moving from hill to hill, alternately obscuring them ; will afford him both pleasure and instruction. And the vivid lightnings’ momentary

flash, with the tremendous thunder's awful roar, rebounding with a dreadful crash, from hill to hill, he will calmly observe.

“ See, and revere th’ artillery of heaven,
 Drawn by the gale, or by the tempest driven,
 A dreadful fire the floating batt’ries make
 O’erturn the mountain, and the forest shake.”

“ In making a turnpike road from Wardlow to Bakewell, in the year 1759, part of a Cairn,* or stone barrow, was destroyed ; wherein the remains of seventeen persons were discovered deposited upon flat stones, which were placed on the surface of the ground. The two bodies interred near the middle of the barrow, were inclosed in complete chests formed by stones being placed edgeways, and covered with flat ones. The others were but partially inclosed, the head and breast only, being protected by stones placed for that purpose. The diameter of this cairn, was thirty-two yards, and its height about five feet. The above remains were discovered in one half of it that was examined.”

About a quarter of a mile from Wardlow, stands a few houses called Wardlow Mires, from its boggy situation, Here, at the toll-bar house, a murder was committed a few years ago, on a female who kept

* Such tumuli, are, in this country called Lows, of which there are still many remaining on the summits of the hills, and many very considerable ones have, at different periods, been destroyed. The names of a number of villages and odd farm houses in this district end with low, near to which there either is, or has been, one, or more of those places of sepulture.

it, and the body of the wretch who perpetrated the horrid deed is suspended on a gibbet to the left : a pair of shoes that the villain had taken, led to his detection ; he was under twenty-two years of age, prone to idleness, and its concomitant, drunkenness ; without any education, or the least conception of religion ; he retained a heart of adamant even to his very last moments. His father and several of his brothers, reside at Litton a village, situated about the distance of one mile, from the gibbet. If the suspension of the wretch there, was intended to awe them, it may be doubtful how far such a plan may be founded in sound policy. Might we not rather expect that from seeing the object of their degradation, perhaps, every day ; and which, causes even children to throw the eye of abhorrence upon them, it may not have a contray effect to that, for which the spectacle is intended ? Feeling themselves degraded to the very lowest, is not the constant proclamation of that degradation, on the gibbet-post, calculated to keep afloat their very worst passions, and thereby, stifle every spark of reformation, if any such should exist in their composition ? Again, if there should happen to exist one good heart in the family ; is not such an exhibition, a constant and unmerited punishment to such a one ? If this mode of suspending the body of a criminal was only for a limited time, as nine, or twelve months, it would have a far more impressive effect, than a continued suspension ; because the object being removed, whilst the impression it produced, still retained a considerable portion of its first effect ; it would then be lasting in the mind, and

the circumstance would never be recurred to, without producing an emotion correspondent with the first impression ; whereas, on the other hand, a complete indifference is gradually produced by the object remaining, which is sure to obliterate the very recollection of the first impression produced by it, and this indifference, defeats the intention of such an exhibition ; that of producing awe in the beholders.*

Towards the right a large steam engine is seen ; it is used for pumping water out of a mine, called Water Groove, it is rich in lead ore, but the quantity of water that pours in upon the works, from all directions, renders the working of it extremely difficult ; nor can it be worked longer than three months

* Since the above observations were written their correctness has been strengthened by another case of murder in this neighbourhood, and which was even committed in a field near to the gibbet and within sight of it. A girl only sixteen years of age being dismissed from service for her ill-conduct, conceived the horrid design of poisoning the young female who supplied her place ; in the vain hope of then regaining her situation, which was at a farm-house, within sight of the gibbet. She prepared a cake made up with arsenic ; and was too successful in decoying her victim whilst fetching up some cattle from a field near to the gibbet ; the poor creature died a most shocking spectacle. However, the powerful arm of the law, stopped the career of the young, though unfeeling criminal ; she was executed at Derby in March, 1819. In prison she displayed a hardened insensibility,—she treated the prospect of her fate with levity,—slept soundly the night preceding her execution—and when she came upon the fatal platform tears had not disordered her healthful cheeks—how extraordinary for one so young !

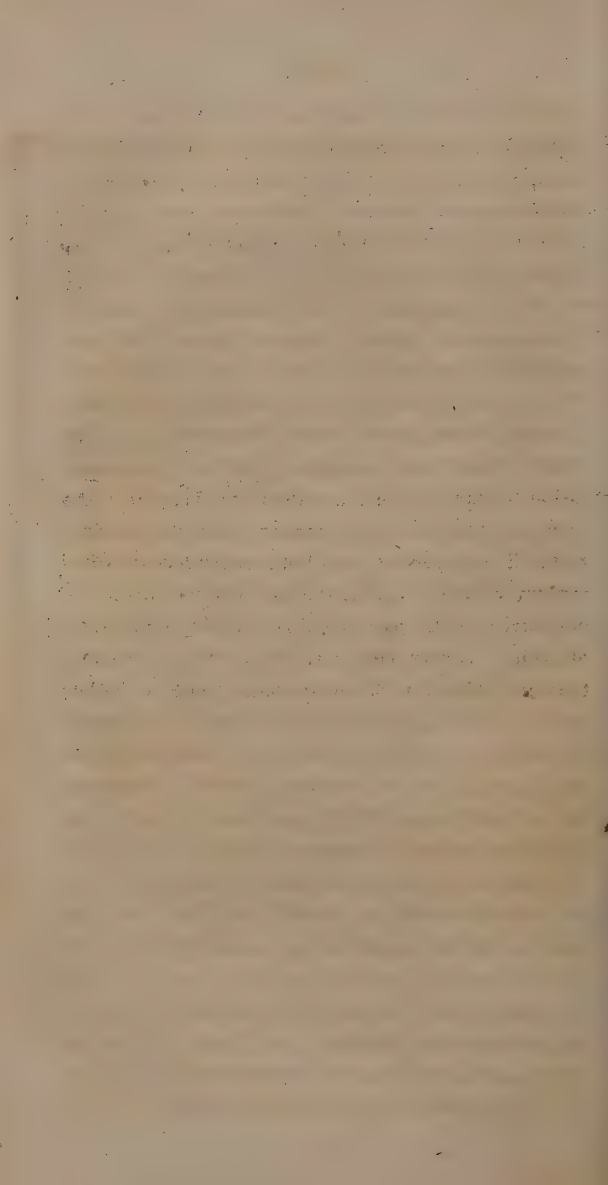
in the year ; from the vast accumulation of water for nine months at least, overpowering the engine. At short distances from this engine, are three several excavations of an elliptical form, one of which, is about fifty or sixty yards, by about forty, and from two to three feet in depth : they are called Camping holes, Whether they have ever been used for Camps (as their appellation indicates) or not, I must leave to be determined by the inquisitive researches of the antiquary.

On the left, is Wardlow Dale, which I explored, accompanied by a friend, who had before traced its rugged windings, and had made some sketches of its peculiar scenery, and who particularly recommended it to my notice, as it had been neglected by all tourists ; knowing my friend's taste, I was sure he would lead me to some uncommon scenes. We passed by the gibbet ; and a little beyond it, is a remarkable insular rock, called Peter's stone, which is corruptly pronounced here Pitterston. This is well backed, by the sweeping, rocky hill on the other side of the dale, which, with a winding path, and a small stream, form an agreeable subject to sketch. Further on, the hills to the left, rise to a prodigious height crested with bold limestone cliffs, that appear in grand perspective ; here, a rock, called the High Tor, has a very majestic appearance, and is a fine object for the pencil. We now made our way, with some difficulty, through brakes and weeds, and over rough, stony ground. Below the High Tor, at a very considerable height in the rocks, a cavern is seen, which is called Hodge Hole. Difficulties in



HA

PETER'S STONE,
Wardlow Dale.



proceeding, still continue, and the roar of a water-fall keeps increasing its hoarse sound upon us, as we proceed; at length we reach the place, where the water pours over the rock, with an awful roar, into the boiling cauldron below; which is thrown upon the ear with peculiar force, by its confined situation, and is frequently heard at the distance of two miles; this cascade is called Thirstspit Lum. We now scrambled along ledges of rocks, and through entangled wood, when we came to a cave, out of which a large stream issues, roaring hideously, over the broken fragments of limestone, that lie in great confusion within it; this is called the Tan-vats: the glen has continued very narrow from the cascade, and still continues so, and the scenery has an air of solitary wildness, that is seldom to be met with; we now arrive at the part called Brightpool, (the water of which, is very clear and cold;) where persons, that are afflicted with rheumatism come to bathe; the place is very difficult of access, and to a rheumatic subject, must be extremely so; however they do manage to get to it, and one patient from Litton, having with some difficulty undressed himself, was proceeding to lave his contracted limbs in the pellucid flood, when a stone on which he stood gave way, and down he rolled upon a bed of nettles: rendered inactive by his disorder, he could not rise very quickly from the weeds, so that he was dreadfully stung by them; however, this accident effected a perfect cure of his disorder, Dr. Nettle thus having intercepted a job that was intended for Dr. Brightpool, it becomes a question for the sons of old quib-

ble to determine whether Dr. B. might not recover damages in this case. Although the cure proved complete and established the fame of Nettle ; yet his prescription is so disliked that no one, has ever since had recourse to it.

The rocks now continue to exhibit, an extremely wild, and often a very singular, appearance : vast projecting masses, sometimes run in lines like enormous cornices, fringed with a variety of foliage : the dale now widens a little ; here a spring issues from the bank, where it has formed a considerable bed of tuffa : this water is said to carry a larger quantity of calcarious earth, than any other that is known in the Peak. We are presently led into Monsal Dale, near to a large cotton mill belonging to — Phillips, Esquire. From the Cascade to Monsal Dale this glen is called Cressbrook Dale : the whole length from where we enter at Wardlow is about three miles. A ramble down this picturesque dale, would be uncommonly interesting if a path was formed so that it might be easily traced ; for its scenery is extremely wild and romantic, and sometimes stupendous ; but the difficulties that are now to be encountered, in the progress, are such, as will preclude it from being generally visited : but to one whose game is Nature, in her wildest dress, he, will eagerly pursue her through the intricate windings of the tangled brakes, and along the shelving rocks ; descend the fearful precipice into the craggy glen, and panting, follow her mazy course, to the mountain's top : where, lost in clouds, the chase seems to end ; but, eager still, he

keeps the game in view, and thus from morn till eve keeps up the chase ; nor can approaching night, check his career ; by Dian and her train attended ; he bounds over the wide spreading plain, and scours the forest, then follows the river's winding course, where nymphs dance on the limpid stream, to the music of a distant waterfall, whose varying symphonies undulate with the zephyrs that sigh along the rustling groves ; well stored with nature's spoil he then roves in the pleasing, and never-ending wilds of fancy.

We returned over the heights, by following an intricate track, amongst innumerable hazles, that finally, brought us to the summit of a very steep, and lofty eminence, that overlooks the dale ; keeping along the high grounds, we passed over the side of Hay Cop, to Wardlow. After pursuing the road to Tideswell for about a mile, we see the two Hucklows, Grindlow, and Foolow, at the foot of a lofty chain of mountains on the right : the declining sun now tipped them with golden light ; and immense shadows projecting from the hills, sweep across the fields, giving an interest to the scene, that makes us forget the want of wood. About half a mile brings us to Tideswell Lane Head : here several roads branch off, viz. to Buxton, to Castleton, to Chapel, and to Tideswell : the latter place is seen on the left, at the distance of about half a mile ; whence I proceeded to rest for the night.

“ The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.”

Tideswell is a small market town, mean, in its appearance, but with an elegant church ; a small stream of water runs through the place : it is environed by lofty hills : the inhabitants are chiefly employed in spinning, and weaving cotton, and in mining. The name of the place was derived from an ebbing and flowing well, which has long since ceased to flow ; however, the place where it existed, is still pointed out to the enquiring traveller. The church is a handsome and uniform structure, of the conventual form, with ornamented buttresses, and rich gothic windows. The termination of the tower (which is a square one) has a peculiarity that is very striking : each corner is surmounted with an octagonal turret, that is embattled and terminated by a pinnacle : in each space, between the turrets, is another pinnacle, smaller than those that are upon the turrets. The effect produced by this cluster of spires is rather heavy ; yet from some points of view it is better than from others ; but from every station, it is singular. In walking round this fine edifice, I observed with regret, strong marks of the dilapidating tooth of time ; the fine tracery of all the windows is in a mouldering state ; ere long, it perhaps will exhibit a series of disgraceful patch-work, that, from time to time, may be recorded as beautifying it. There certainly could not be any serious expence felt by the parish, in restoring two or three windows every year until the whole was finished, and then to attend to the other ornaments ; in short, if the old adage “ a stitch in time, &c.” were acted upon, the original

style of such an edifice might be preserved by a trifling annual expence. It is said to be a part of the Archdeacons duty to see that the churches are kept in proper repair ; it is also to be hoped, that they have the power to prevent patch-work mutilations, and that they will not any longer suffer our beautiful gothic churches, to be defaced by the narrow views of a cavilling parish vestry. I cannot by any means agree with those who think, that a place of worship ought to be plain and unadorned : on the contrary, I think they cannot be too grand, because they are connected with the most sublime idea, that we have any notion of,—the service of the Deity. On entering a superb cathedral church, for the purpose of attending the service, an emotion is raised by the impressive grandeur of the building, that touches a chord of the heart in unison with devotion ; and indeed if we refer to holy writ, we shall find, that grand temples were acceptable to the great Author of good.

It is observable that many of the inhabitants of a small place, where there happens to be a fine church, are so proud of it as to suppose, that it exceeds every other in beauty. Whilst I was sketching this church, there came several people to inform me “ that it was the finest building in all England, and that such an one could not be made now a days :” finding that it was a pleasure to them to think so, and a harmless one too, I suffered them to enjoy it without contradiction.

The interior of this church, contains some ancient inscriptions ; a flat stone in the chancel, re-

cords the death of John, son of Thomas Foljambe, in the year 1358, and informs us that he contributed largely towards the building of the church. A tabular monument, to the memory of Sampson Meurrill, records, that in less than two years he fought in eleven battles in France, and that he was knighted by the Duke of Bedford, at Saint Luce ; that the Duke made him Knight Constable of England, &c. On this warrior's tomb, bread is given every Sunday to some of the indigent parishoners.

Here is also a monument, to the memory of Robert Pursglove, a native of Tideswell. He was Prior of Gisburn Abbey, Prebend of Rotherham and Bishop of Hull, and died in the year 1579. He was pensioned by Henry the Eighth, for his ready compliance with that monarch's wishes, by the surrender of his house, and his services as a commissioner, employed for the purpose of persuading others to follow his example. At the commencement of Queen Mary's reign, he was constituted Archdeacon of Nottingham, Suffragan Bishop of Hull, &c. But on his refusal to take the oath of supremacy to Queen Elizabeth, he was stripped of all his spiritualities in the year 1560. In consequence of this, he retired to his native town, founded a grammar school, adjoining the church yard, and established an hospital for twelve poor people ; the property that he left for this purpose, amounted at the time of making the bequest only to £13 6s. 8d. per annum, but it is said now to produce yearly upwards of £400. ; two-thirds of which is received by the master of the school for instructing about thirty boys. On a tomb

in the south transept, are whole length figures of a man and a woman, which are said to be effigies of Thurstan de Bower and his wife ; to whom tradition ascribes the building of the transept of this church.

“ There was a chapel at Tideswell as early as the reign of King John. For in the year 1215, he gave the chapel of Tideswell, as well as the church of Hope to the canons of Lichfield, for their common provision of bread and beer.”

The church is dedicated to St. John ; the living is a vicarage ; and the Dean and Chapter of Lichfield are the patrons.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir John Statham, Knight, who resided at Tideswell, raised and equipped a troop of horse for the service of the State ; his descendants resided in this town to a late period ; and a chapel on the south side of the church, still retains their name. The grandfather of the witty Earl of Chesterfield, who figured much in the polite world, built a house and resided here ; this edifice was taken down and the materials sold.

“ Tideswell anciently belonged to William Peverel, and being afterwards vested (with the remainder of his inheritance) in King John, was given by him to his esquire ; a female descendant from whom, in Richard the Second's time, being married to a Stafford, had with her husband a grant of a weekly market and a yearly fair there. Afterwards the estate came to the Meurrills or Meyerills, of Throwley, in Staffordshire, and was conveyed by the marriage of an heiress to Lord Cromwell, of Oakham, in Rutlandshire, one of whose descendants

sold it, between the death of Charles the First and the period of the Restoration, to the Eyres of Highlow. Since the death of John Archer, Esquire, of Welford, in Berkshire, the male heir of this family, the manor was sold, under the authority of the Court of Chancery, to the late Duke of Devonshire."

On the second morning of this excursion I rose with the sun, for the purpose of making a short ramble before breakfast to Wheston, a small village on an elevated situation, about the distance of one mile to the westward of Tideswell. I had experienced great kindness from Morpheus the last evening : refreshed by the potent powers of the god of sleep, and exhilarated by the lively appearance of a clear sky, and the melody of the feathered race, I eagerly pursued my favourite objects, Nature, and the Picturesque.

"How soon the sun-beams at the mornings birth
Leap down from heaven, and light upon the earth.
Prodigious flight ! they in few moments pass
The vast ethereal interposing space."—

The road to Wheston, leads up a steep hill, and gives a good view of Tideswell, backed with lofty hills : this pleasant little village is sweetly adorned with fine luxuriant trees ; the sycamore, the lime, and the ash, spread over the cottages in a very pleasing manner, giving them an air of seclusion and picturesque beauty, that is extremely agreeable.

A little beyond the Hall, stands an ancient stone Cross, by the side of the road, surrounded by trees which spread their branches of fine foliage, that play in graceful wreaths with fine effect. This curious and ancient relique is said to have been removed

CROSS AT EYAM.



*Drawn & Engraved,
by Moore*

CROSS AT EYAM.



from the front of the Hall to this spot ; the upper part is constructed in the gothic style ; on one side there is a representation of the Virgin and Child ; on the other, the Crucifixion of our Saviour : a part of one end of this is broken off. The shaft which is modern is of a square form with the angles taken off, diminishing like an obelisk, and quite plain. It is raised on three steps, and there is a basement upon them, from which arises the shaft. It is a matter of much regret that so little interest is felt in the preservation of ancient reliques, when they display so much of the manners of times gone by ; shewing us the state of the arts, and the zeal felt for religion in remote ages ; of which, some idea may be formed, by the costly edifices, and the various rich and tasteful emblems that remain as memorials of their faith ; but which are now so little regargded, that even man assists his own conqueror (Time) to efface them. After sketching this interesting remain, I returned to Tideswell, for the purpose of following the new road thence to Buxton, and making a ramble on the banks of the Wye, through Miller's Dale and Monsal Dale. Near Tideswell is an eminence called Tideslow Top, on which is the remains of an ancient Barrow, that has been examined and found to consist of a number of cells formed with stone containing human remains. A Roman coin was found amongst the rubbish, but whether that circumstance be sufficient for the establishment of a conclusion, that it must, therefore, be a Roman tumulus ; I leave to the determination of the sagacious antiquary.

I now began to enter on the new road that is cut through the rocky Tideswell Dale, in which, (at the distance of rather more than a mile from Tideswell) will be observed a very curious corrolloid limestone, which, when polished forms a singular and very interesting marble. Above it is a stratum of columnar iron ore, which is regarded as a very remarkable circumstance, as it is not known to occur in any other part of Derbyshire: it forms a series of pentagonal prisms, that closely adhere, and are of a redish brown colour. Toadstone is also seen in this Dale, close by the side of the road. We now have a peep into Miller's Dale which has an air of romantic seclusion, that is so interesting, as to awaken curiosity and create an ardent desire to become acquainted with those charms that are concealed by the foldings of the Dale. The little river Wye, murmurs at a great depth below; the sparkling little falls sweetly cheer the scene, and heighten its general interest. Here, abstracted from the bustling world, from its follies and its cares; how sweet is a silent communion with eloquent nature! here, contemplation may indulge her musings, and forget the jarrings of a tumultuous society, its crafts, and its ambitious littleness: but those who cannot understand the language of nature, speaking from her caverned rocks, from her beetling cliffs, and from their scattered fragments thrown wildly around; from her tangled brakes, from her murmuring rills, and from her rivers' roaring falls, should seek a more congenial scene; for here he will only partake of the bitter cup of disappointment; a path too rug-

ged for his delicate feet ; groves, whose natural wildness will offend his eye, and a river, whose irregular banks will disgust his taste.

The road now descends along the side of the hill when we come to a mill, whence I turned down the dale, and presently came to a broad mass of limestone rock, in which was a large arched recess, formed by nature ; various romantic scenes occur all the way to Litton cotton mill ; at about a quarter of a mile below it, I crossed the river, where the track is sometimes along a narrow ledge on the face of a perpendicular rock that rises abruptly from the river, which roars at the depth of about thirty feet below. Some extraordinary, and very magnificent rock scenery, is now met with, finely diversified and agreeably decorated with trees ; the wildly winding river, boils amongst the rocky fragments, that have fallen from the adjoining cliffs : a lofty hill rising above the rocks, in the front, shuts in the view ; the characteristic feature of which, is wild and solitary grandeur. The dale continues to preserve an uncommon interest until we reach Cressbrook cotton mill ; near this mill, and on the opposite side of the river, are some dwellings that are partly scooped out of the rock, and situated near the brink of the river, which is here formed into a dam for the mill ; beyond it we enter into Monsal Dale. That part of the dale, which extends above Litton Mill is called Miller's Dale ; and that between Cressbrook Mill, and Litton Mill, is named Litton Frith. From Litton Mill to where I crossed the river, is not a regular road ; but from the dryness

of the season, which had caused the river to be low, and the principal part of the stream being carried down a channel from the water wheel ; I was enabled to pass over without any difficulty. There is, however, a regular road to Monsal Dale ; but as it does not keep along the side of the river, the most beautiful scenes in Litton Frith, would not be seen that way. It would, therefore, be advisable, after visiting Monsal Dale, to return up Litton Frith. A road from Cressbrook Mill, leads down Monsal Dale, to a farm-house, sheltered by luxuriant sycamores ; a rustic wooden bridge, supported by rocky fragments, that are somewhat assisted by rude stones, piled upon them, forms an interesting object in a view up the dale, where some rocks, broken ground, and steep declivities ; verdure and trees produce a beautiful and harmonious whole. Lower down, the river winds through some rich inclosures : sometimes the mountainous sides of the dale, are covered with underwood, and occasionally slope to the river ; a grey rock now and then starts from amidst the tufted foliage, with much interest ; these varieties so happily intermingle as often to produce a most romantic and sequestered scene. Further down in the dale is a very picturesque waterfall, which with the hills finely skirted with wood, and some grey rocks called Hob Hurst's House, crowning the hill on the right (called the Great Finn) as we look up the river, forms a fascinating picture.

On the summit of the Great Finn, which is called Finn Cop, was a large barrow, composed principally of limestone irregularly broken. It was about

one hundred and sixty feet in circumference, and was destroyed in the years 1794—5 and 6. Thrift effected the destruction of this very interesting and ancient tumulus, for the sake of the stone to fence with, and this too in a country abounding with that material: little did they think, who bestowed so much labour and pains to honour their dead, by “raising the stone of their fame”, that so paltry a consideration would ever effect its destruction. A trifling memorial of the spot occupied by this barrow, is still preserved; a few bones being deposited in a small square hole which is covered over with a slab of limestone, marks the place.

A number of skeletons were discovered in this ancient place of sepulture; also, some urns of coarse clay which were but slightly baked, they contained burnt bones, ashes, beaks of birds, &c. Two gigantic skeletons were found lying in opposite directions, their feet being directed towards an urn that was placed between them. A cavity was likewise discovered to be cut in the solid rock, two feet nine inches broad and two feet one inch deep; wherein was found a skeleton with the face downward, under the head, two small arrow heads of flint were found. Upon the skull a piece of black marble was fixed, with a strong cement, it measured two feet in length, nine inches in breadth, and six inches in thickness, it was also dressed. Another cavity was formed in the soil: flat stones being placed at the bottom, and at the sides of it; this contained ashes and burnt bones. A spear head with various other memorials of ancient customs, were likewise

discovered here. Mr. Hayman Rooke, imagined, the origin of this barrow to be very remote ; and to support this opinion, he quotes a passage from the *Nenia Britannica*, whose learned author observes, that arrow heads of flint “ are evidences of a people not in the use of a malleable metal ; and it therefore implies, wherever these arms are found, in barrows, they are incontestibly the relics of a primitive barbarous people, and preceding the era of those barrows in which brass or iron arms are found.” If this tumulus belonged to a people that were not in possession of malleable metal (as is supposed by Mr. Rooke) it then becomes a question how the excavation in the hard limestone was effected, and also how the black marble was dressed ? which is likewise a very hard substance. With deference to the opinion of Mr. Rooke, I cannot forbear to mention, that the consideration of the question operates with me against his conclusion respecting the antiquity of this barrow. It is said that the summit of the Great Finn is surrounded (except the side next to the precipice) by a double ditch, each having a vallum ; not being aware of this, and being also deficient in Antiquarian sagacity, I did not observe them, but I do not therefore mean to say, they do not exist.

A little below the waterfall, a tottering bridge is formed with the bole of a tree, which is thrown across the river for that purpose, one end rests upon a few loose stones, the other between the two boles of an ash tree, which arise at about the distance of two feet from its root ; here is no rail to hold by ; however, by a little caution I passed over it and then

traced up the other side of the river ; the waterfall presented another pleasing picture, its appearance being considerably altered by the different point of view ; higher still where the river is much spread out are, leppings across the stream, which consists of stones that are placed at short distances in the river and flat ones laid over them ; thus forming a kind of causeway, for the purpose of passing over. This becomes a curious object in the foreground, and a group of cottages, that are screened with trees, near the brink of the river, gives great interest to the view ; above them, rises a bold rocky hill extending up the dale : its surface is much broken and interspersed with bushes ; the extremity, up the dale is terminated by a mass of perpendicular rocks, that appear like a rampart formed with huge blocks of limestone rising from a steep declivity, and crowned with bushes : above which, the hill gently ascends again, and softens into fertile inclosures, where cattle and sheep are seen grazing ; which in so lofty a situation has a remarkable appearance and enlivens the scene. Passing over the leppings, I now retraced my steps to Miller's Dale ; and by the time I had reached the mill from whence this ramble down the Wye commenced, the shades of evening began to shew themselves, which prevented me from visiting Chee Torr ; as I had originally intended in this ramble, to have completely included the whole of the rocky scenes on the Wye ; but their numerous beauties, so frequently employed my pencil, whilst time passed on, and left my projected purpose unaccomplished ; however, I trust that to-morrow, will

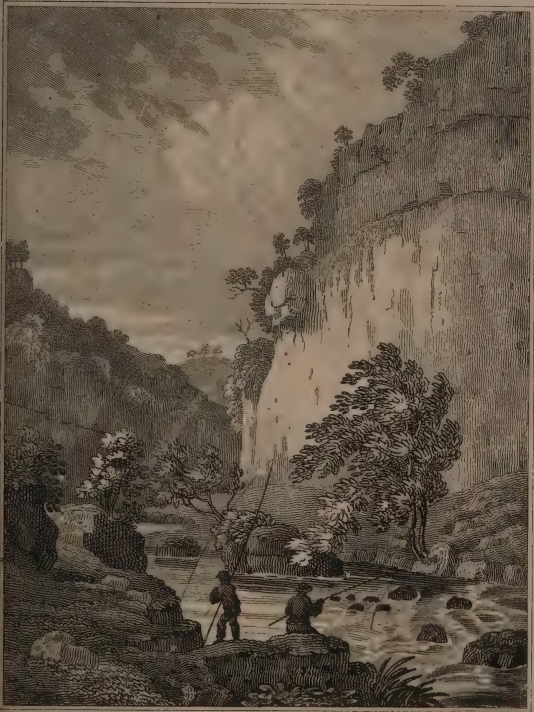
afford me the gratification of completing it. From the mill the new road between Tideswell and Buxton, runs along the side of the river, and they are closely hemmed in by lofty eminences, cloathed with wood, that throws a deep and solemn gloom over the dell ; this strait is about a quarter of a mile in length, we then arrive at a bridge where a road on the right leads to Wormhill, and another over the bridge, leads up Mill Hill, to the new road between Buxton and Chatsworth, joining it near Soughbrook. Sober evening now steals on apace, veiling the lovely face of nature in gloom, presenting but little for observation, I therefore indulged myself for the remaining six miles of this excursion in recapitulating in the "mind's eye" those extraordinary and beautiful scenes, I met with in this ramble : the consideration of them led to a train of thought that proved a good substitute for company, and agreeably beguiled the time until I reached Buxton.

EXCURSION

TO CHEE TOR.

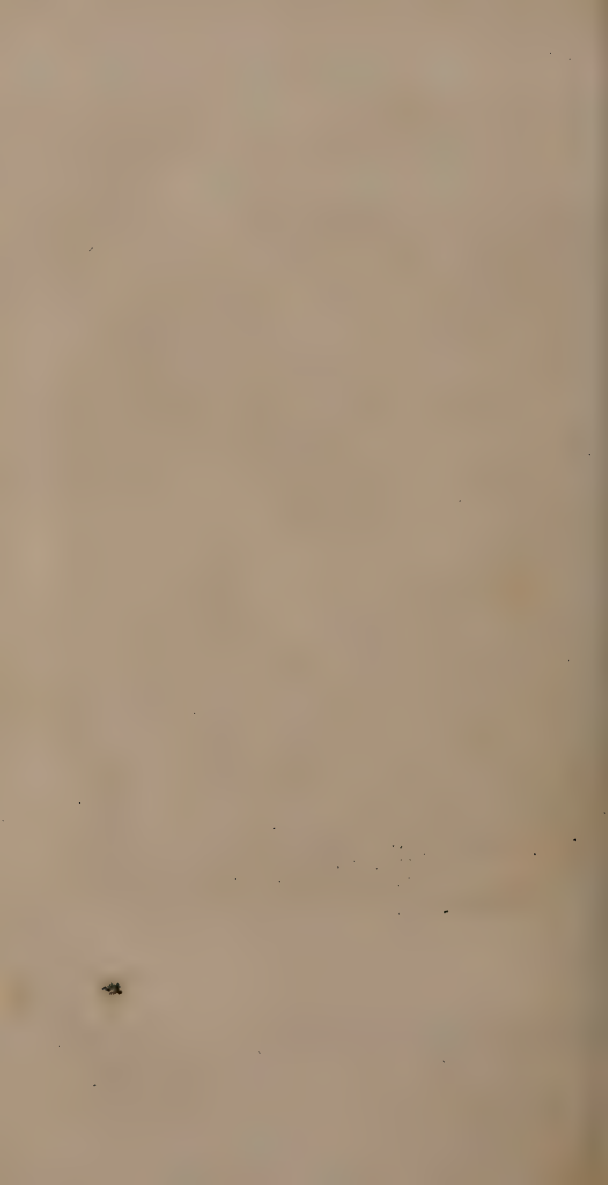


MANY objects of peculiar interest, being comprised in my last excursion, it became necessary for me to retouch my sketches, and finish my notes, whilst the scenes that it embraced were still fresh in the mind : this employment, fully occupied the morning ; however, the afternoon proved sufficient



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CHEE TOR.



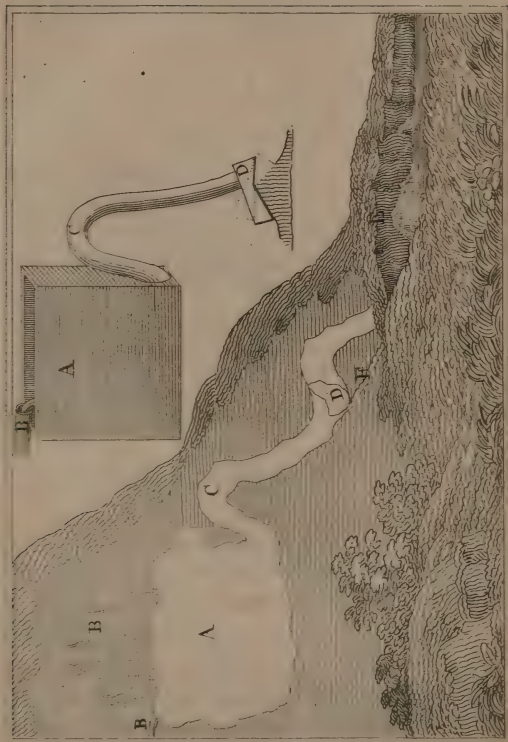
for the completion of so short a journey; and, although night prevented its being included in my last ramble, yet that circumstance, is no longer a subject of regret, since it occupies a most delightful afternoon for an artistical walk: shifting clouds produce lively effects of light and shade, and gentle zephyrs give the trees a pleasing animated appearance; whilst the lucid coolness of the breeze is sweetly refreshing in the hottest part of a summer's day. Passing through Fairfield, we follow the road to Tideswell, for about the distance of four miles, when we turn to the right, for the village of Wormhill, which is about one mile farther; after proceeding through the place, we descend into a very deep and romantic glen, where Chee Tor is situated. At a short distance down the hollow, a small rivulet will be seen pouring over a shelving rock, which with its accompaniments makes a pretty little picture; the stream is lost amongst weeds in its progress down the hill to the river. At the bottom is an immense spring; the water of which rushes like a torrent to the river; it is called Wormhill Spring, and is probably the collected waters of the different swallows at Dove-Holes, Water Swallows, &c., which, after running several miles, in subterranean channels, here, perhaps, find a vent. We now enter the chasm, where the sublime Chee Tor is seen rearing its hoary head with sullen majesty to the height of three hundred and sixty feet. Its weather-beaten front, precipitous, and impending; patched with lichens, and fringed with ash, and nut-trees, has a most imposing aspect. The gurg-

ling river Wye, whose channel is strewed with rocky fragments, that have fallen from the upper cliffs, laves its mighty base: and the playful foliage of pliant trees, sweep the fretful stream, that dashes over obstructing masses of limestone. The rocks on the opposite side are much depressed, yet appear by their stratification and corresponding form, to have been once united with the lofty Tor: they are richly decorated with trees; the ash and the hazle, shoot out from the crevices, and most gracefully fall in festoons down their grey faces, and their upland summits are enriched with a luxuriant covering of underwood. This dell is eminently calculated to raise the most sublime emotions; the appearance of the enormous rocks, having been separated by some unknown operation, is so striking, as to excite in the mind of the beholder, the most affecting sentiments of awe and astonishment.

Loosen' rocks, that, thund'ring down,
Desolation spread around."

and the huge, ponderous, and disjointed masses that are scattered about, mark the horrible confusion that must have existed.

Amid the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds." Although this deep ravine, can only be explored for about the distance of seven hundred yards from the point where we enter it; yet, in that small space, it presents several good views marked by a very peculiar character, and differing much from every other glen I have met with. It sweeps in a circular direction, making a considerable approach towards insulating the storm-defying Chee Tor, at length the rocks so nearly meet, as only to admit a passage for



ERRING & FLOWING WELL:

New Theory.

the river. This curious, singular, and romantic spot, presents such an intermingling of rocks, trees and water, as conspire at once to fill the mind of the tourist with admiration and delight. O! bountiful Nature! how finely has thy plastic care disposed the scene for a picture! how loose and careless seems thy touch, yet how tasteful! Thou hast not placed a stone that would disgrace the artist's notice, nor a tree that he could wish to transplant;— Crown a branch he ought to lop, or formed a rock that he need improve.

“ Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.”

EXCURSION

TO WATER SWALLOWS, MARVEL STONES, AND THE
EBBING AND FLOWING WELL.



THE principal object of this Excursion, was to visit the Marvel Stones, as, much has been said of their being a great curiosity: but I must confess, they did not appear to me, worth the journey to see. At the Ebbing and Flowing Well, I was quite disappointed; for a great quantity of rain had fallen in the night, it also rained whilst I was upon this ramble, which led me to expect that the well would flow; however, after watching it one hour and five

minutes, during heavy rain, and being informed, that from the dryness of the season, which had continued for a great length of time, it had ceased to flow, I was induced to give up the watch : being more fortunate in my excursion to Castleton, I have in it, given a particular account of its operations, and endeavoured to prove the fallacy, of the generally supposed cause of its intermittent flowing ; also, given a new theory to account for that phenomenon, supported by experimental facts.

About a mile beyond Fairfield, on the road to Tideswell, are two or three Houses, called Water Swallows, from a small stream that suddenly disappears near them, by sinking into the earth : it will be seen, by looking over a fence wall, a little before we come to the Houses, where the stream quietly makes its exit, without forming a vortex ; yet I distinctly heard a rumbling of water, which, most likely was caused by a more considerable subterranean stream meeting this, which alone, did not appear sufficient to make such a noise. Opposite to the houses, I struck into a road on the left, to Small Dale, a hamlet consisting of about five or six houses, where I observed water flowing over some stone troughs, which immediately sunk into the earth ;—indeed this part of the country is full of these swallows ; many are seen between this place and Water Swallows ; some of which receive the drainings from the road. The Marvel Stones are situated on Kems Hill, about three quarters of a mile beyond Small Dale, bearing to the right : they will be seen immediately on leaving Small Dale, ap-

pearing like a bare patch, in an inclosure, on a gently rising hill ; I crossed over the fields to them, by two Cottages on the left; in the field before we come to the Cottages, is a curious sinking of the earth, forming a zigzag trench across the field; another of the same description will be observed in the field, next to that in which the Marvel Stones are situated, to which, I proceeded in a direct line, by scaling a few stone fences. The appearance of the Marvel stones, is merely like a rocky floor, rising a little above the general level of the ground, and extending about two hundred and eighty feet in length, and eighty in breadth, and when viewed sideways with the hill, has a uniform appearance, declining regularly with it: but from the top, or the lower end, they appear full of holes of various dimensions, and deep channels, that exhibit a very grotesque appearance, which is, most likely the effect of decomposition; and rain may, perhaps, be a considerable agent in that operation, for by the hollows holding water, a small portion of the limestone may become dissolved by it, and carried off by succeeding showers; thus the holes might be gradually formed, and sometimes, by running into each other, produce those grotesque channels and perforations, with which it abounds.

There is a grey lichen upon these rocks, that is sometimes regularly dotted with very minute, black spots; at others forming the lichen *geographicus*, grey and black. That the Marvel Stones are a production of Nature, is very evident, although some have imagined them to be a work of

art : similar hollows are common to limestone so exposed : this is therefore only remarkable, from its presenting so large a surface, by which means a greater number of the cavities become exhibited at once. Returning to Small Dale, I pursued a direct line for about two miles, across fields, to the Ebbing and Flowing Well, and saw many swallows on the way, and near an old lime-work, some rocks that are similar to the Marvel Stones, but not near so extensive a plot of them.

EXCURSION

FROM BUXTON TO DOVE-HOLES, EBBING AND FLOWING WELL, ELDON HOLE, SPEEDWELL MINE, AND CASTLETON.



AS many objects of very considerable interest, are included in this walk of twelve miles, I was aware that investigation and sketching would afford good employment for the day : I therefore, determined to commence it at an early hour. The morning proved very favourable to my purpose, Aurora, had just unfolded the curtains of the crimsoned east, and the great source of light and heat, gilded alike the humble cottage, the splendid mansion, and the towered temple. Hail ! thou potent sun, splendid emblem of an eternal mind ! thou vital source of many worlds existence ! deprived of thee, nature, would, reeling fall from her emerald throne, and leave the world one universal blank.

"Behold the light emitted from the sun,
 What more familiar, and what more unknown !
 While by its spreading radiance it reveals,
 All nature's face, it still itself conceals,
 See how each morn it does its beams display
 And on its golden wings bring back the day,
 How soon the effulgent emanations fly,
 Through the blue gulph of interposing sky !
 How soon their lustre all the region fills,
 Smiles on the vallies, and adorns the hills!"

'The road leads by Fairfield, a village so elevated is completely to overlook Buxton ; its small towered church, becomes a pleasing object from many points of view. From this village, the road to Castleton turns to the left over a common called the Barms : in this elevated situation is a large pool, which, in the dryest summers contains a copious supply of water. When it is considered that this part of the country abounds with swallows, the existence of this pool in so high a situation, appears rather singular. Having proceeded about one mile from Fairfield, we see the mountains about Castleton towards the right, among which Mam Tor is distinguished by its elephant-like form ; close on the left, Combs Moss* is cloud-clapped ; the grey vapour, scarcely seems to move although the sun's forceful beams play full upon it ; sullen and slowly it now descends a little lower, and now it stilly dwells again ; it forms an harmonious contrast to the clear cerulean sky, which is, in this part of the heavens without another cloud. This hill unites by an undulating line, with Ladylow, which is a much smaller hill, approaching towards the cen-

* The lower part of this mountain consisting of inclosures is called Black Edge.

tre of the view, its outline is pleasingly broken. The mountains, Kinder-Scout, and South-Head, fill the centre part of the distance. On looking back towards Buxton a great *chain* of distant mountains present some grand combinations for the pencil especially when under the happy influence of such a portion of air, that gives decision to the keeping; with those lights and shades, that flit over the plain to deck alternately their majesti heads with transient effects. The views here are not calculated to form whole pictures, from a want of interest in the foreground, and in the middle distance; but as studies of mountainous distances, they are well worth the artists attention. About a mile further, brings us to a cluster of houses called Dove-holes. A little beyond the New Inn, is a swallow, close by the side of the road where a rivulet enters into a fissure in the limestone, and probably flows in a subterranean channel to the Wye, which is several miles off. About one mile and a half further brings us to Bar-moor Clough,* which is at the distance of five miles from Buxton: in this clough is situated that singular and very great curiosity, the Ebbing and Flowing Well: it will be observed close by the side of the road on the right, and at about the distance of a third of a mile from the turnpike house, where we enter the clough; it is a watering-place for cattle, and is about five or six feet below the road, the hill rises

* Narrow Glens, are generally called Cloughs in the Peak of Derbyshire; although a Derbyshire divine who has long resided in that district, calls it a steep hill.

with a steep ascent from it, to the height of about one hundred feet.

The cause of the intermittent flowing of this well is generally supposed to proceed from the operation of a natural siphon alone, which I must confess always appeared to me an insupportable hypothesis, from the consideration, that, a regular continuation of a cause must produce a regularly continued effect, and that it would require another agent, subject to alternate changes to make the effect intermittent.

In all the accounts of Ebbing and Flowing Wells I have met with, the only aim has been to make out a siphon, and then, without any consideration of the bearings between cause and effect, the phenomenon is concluded to be accounted for; such an erroneous conclusion, has no doubt arisen from the want of due attention to the subject; for, it cannot be supposed that Ferguson, (who I believe first promulgated the siphon theory) did not thoroughly understand the principles of the siphon, as well as the attraction of the interior surface of the tube; however, from a lax consideration of the latter, I have no doubt has arisen the theory, which I conceive to be insupportable; this supposition will not perhaps appear groundless, when I come to mention the result of my own experiments. Mr. Ferguson has given sections to explain his theory, and a plan of an apparatus to prove it by experiment. In Nicholson's Cyclopedia, is also a section founded on Ferguson's idea, only something varied in its design: the grand Cyclopedia, by Rees, follows the same unsound track.

Before I proceed to give a new theory to account for this phenomenon, it may be adviseable, first, to show the fallacy of the generally received one. It is imagined, that a reservoir exists in the hill above the well, which receives small rills of water that find their way into it along subterranean channels, and by filtration through the superincumbent strata; that a duct proceeds from the lower part of it, which first rises in its progress, and then descends to the well; thus the channel is made to assume the form of a siphon. It is then advanced, that the water rising in the reservoir, expels the air from the duct; causing the siphon to act, and thereby to empty it; and that it must fill again, ere a repetition of this could occur: this is supposed to account for the intermittent flowing of the well. Now let us suppose, that the different rills received by the reservoir, in their collected state, will form a column equal to half the dimension of the duct; it then follows, that it would escape over the bend (which could only be half full) without expelling the air, therefore the siphon could not act; we might as well expect the arch of a bridge to be filled by a stream that is less than its own dimensions, as to suppose that a column of water, whose substance is only equal to one half the duct that it has to pass through, would fill the channel. We will, in the next place suppose the supply of water equal to the duct, that is, such a quantity as would fill it; surely in that case, it will be admitted, that a continual, and unvarying flow will be the result, for cause and effect must be analagous; therefore a regularly

continued cause, will produce an unvarying effect, unless diverted by some intervening agent. From these considerations, it became a matter of surprise to me, that so erroneous an idea, that a siphon alone, would account for the intermitting flow of the well, should be so generally adopted; I was therefore induced, in a paper containing strictures on a Reverend compiler's account of it, to pledge myself to shew why a siphon alone, could not produce that effect, and also how, with the assistance of another agent it might.

I will now mention what authors have advanced respecting the appearances during the flowing and ebbing of the well, as my own observations do not corroborate them. It is said that a gurgling noise attends the flowing, that in ebbing a vortex is formed by the water running back, and that chaff being thrown into it is taken down with it and reappears as soon as the next flowing commences.

A regular flow of water I found constantly issued from the well in a small stream; this was also the case when I visited it before, and its operations had ceased for many weeks; but it was now observable that a flowing had very recently taken place, and before I had waited half an hour it began to flow again; at first a gentle motion is perceived in the water, which soon increases to a very considerable stream, boiling up from several chinks in the limestone, flowing over a flat space in which it rises to the height of about five inches, discharging itself into a sough that conveys it underneath the road. It flowed four minutes and a half; no gurgling, or

any noise whatever attended it, nor was there any appearance of a vortex, or of the water escaping by any other means than that of the sough ; indeed, the person who holds the ground assured me, that he sometimes stops it in, to make a pool for his cattle ; now, if there was any swallow in the limestone, the water would be carried off by it, which would prevent a pool from being formed.

It is calculated that twenty hogsheads of water are thrown up per minute every time it flows, and so far as appearances may go it certainly does not seem to be over rated.

The periods of these flowings are extremely various, depending on the quantity of rain that may happen to fall ; sometimes they occur every ten minutes, at others every half hour, or hour : once in twenty-four hours or twice or thrice in that time, and in very dry seasons, it will cease to flow for several weeks. When these variations are considered, and how small must be the supply of water to cause a flowing to take place only once in twenty-four hours, which is drawn off by the siphon or duct in four minutes and a half, the very idea of such a thread of water, causing a siphon of that magnitude to act, certainly appears very absurd.

By an experiment made with a siphon, the bore of which was full half an inch in diameter and was inserted into the lower part of a vessel or reservoir, I found it to carry off a smaller stream that was regulated through a tundish, into the reservoir without causing the siphon to act ; this circumstance I consider as sufficient proof, that the syphon theory is an erro-

neous one for the larger the bore of the siphon may be, the less likely would it be to act. A siphon that is only a quarter or three eighths of an inch in the bore, will perform the operation ; but this arises from the effect of the attraction of the interior surface of the tube, by means of which, the bend of the siphon is filled, and which causes it to act. Mr. Ferguson, no doubt, used such a siphon in his experiments, and might thus be induced to conclude, that it accounted for the intermittent flowing of wells.

In a tube of a quarter of an inch bore, the attraction of its interior surface overcomes the power of gravity so much, that on being filled with water and turning the open end down, it not only holds the water in; but its surface is also rendered concave by its power, and a very considerable jerk is required to force it from the tube: but if the bore of the tube be three-eighths of an inch in diameter, then, the attraction of the sides will but just hold in the water, and the slightest motion will cause it to quit the tube. I have been induced to be thus far particular, to shew, that it would not be giving the siphon a fair trial, unless the bore of it was half an inch or more in diameter, in which the effect of that attraction is lost. Conceiving that sufficient facts have now been advanced, to prove the fallacy of the generally received theory, to account for Ebbing and Flowing Wells; I shall now venture to offer another, supported by experiment; and, if it should not prove quite satisfactory, yet, it may perhaps lead to the attainment of truth, which, however simple it may be, is always of some importance to science.

In a small publication, called the "Pilot, or a new Matlock, Buxton, and Castleton Guide", I first pronounced the siphon theory to be insupportable, and, that the discovery of a natural valve, would set the question at rest: this was thought, by some, a too hasty opinion to promulgate, without being backed by experiment; however, I felt so confident on the subject, that I could not withstand the opportunity of laying it before the public, thinking, the idea might be taken up, by some one more capable than myself of elucidating it; but I found most were attached to the siphon theory, because they found it mentioned in philosophical works; whilst, few indeed, would fall in with my opinion: I therefore, felt somewhat obliged to take up the subject.

In order to make a siphon act by a smaller supply than its channel would carry off, when in full action; something must prevent the escapement of the water or a part of it, until the duct becomes filled; and then give way, to the accumulated pressure upon it: so that when the reservoir is emptied, it resumes its former position; the flowing would then be intermittent; for this purpose I imagine a fragment of rock to be so poised and situated in the duct, as not only to choak up the channel so as to admit only a small quantity of water to escape; but also capable of sustaining the weight until the duct is filled; when, yielding to the pressure upon it, the siphon soon empties the reservoir; the stone then regains its former position, and an intermitting flow must be the result. Some may think the idea of a stone so situated too fanciful to admit of probability; but

we have greater proofs of there being such, than we have, of the existence of natural siphons of this description, discharging twenty hogsheads of water per minute : when it is considered, that the channel in the limestone, in order to form a siphon, must be entirely free from any chink that would admit the least quantity of air, which would inevitably destroy it ; such a channel appears to me far more fanciful, than the idea of a stone so situated as to form a natural valve. In my description of Bagshaw's Cavern at Bradwell, given in the present volume, will be seen an account of a stone, (which appears to be about thirty hundred weight) so nicely poised, that a very considerable vibratory motion may be given to it, by the pressure of a single finger ; this fact, renders the idea of a natural valve still more probable ; it is also capable of rendering the theory more simple, because a common duct, will then perform the operation without the aid of a siphon, as will appear from the following experiments.

I so formed and balanced a stone, as to make it press against the end of a siphon, which, on filling with water, was forced down by it, when the reservoir was soon emptied, and then the stone regained its former position : the reservoir receiving a regular supply of water, a fair display of the Ebbing and Flowing Well was the result.* I now pierced a

*In an experiment on so small a scale, it will be necessary to pierce a little hole in the siphon near to its lower extremity, taking care to make it at a point lower than the other end, or the siphon will be destroyed : this is to admit the air more freely into the tube, on its ceasing to operate, otherwise, the

small hole into the siphon, for the purpose of reducing it to a simple duct, and still the intermittent flowings were produced: yet in this case, it will appear obvious, that the reservoir could only be lowered, to the level of the lower part of the bend of the tube; however, it sufficiently illustrates this principle—that a common duct, with a natural valve, will cause an intermittent flowing.† Although this theory is extremely simple in its principle, yet, some one more competent than myself, may hereafter, give another, that may prove still more satisfactory: in that case, I shall not repine at the fall of my own, but feel a satisfaction, in having given rise to an inquiry, that may confute an error, and establish a fact.

stone coming to its situation too soon, causes a continued stream to flow, in the same proportion, as the supply received by the reservoir.

†It is evident that the natural valve, will account for all the variations of time in the flowings of the well; for the cavity might be ten minutes or a month in filling, and the stone will not give way, before that takes place; and the irregular form of such a stone valve, cannot be supposed to make a close fit, it will therefore admit a certain portion of water constantly to escape, which is precisely the case at the well.

The plate containing a section, illustrating the principle of this theory; with the representation of an apparatus, by which the above experiments were made, will, perhaps, sufficiently elucidate, what I have advanced above.

The lettered references of both the figures in the plate correspond; so that one description will explain both. Admit the reservoir A, to be supplied with water from B, and that supply, to be less in quantity, than the duct of the siphon C,

At the distance of about one mile from the Well, is a small village called Sparrow Pit, where several roads branch off, on the right to Tideswell, on the left to Chapel, and forward to Castleton; about three quarters of a mile further, is Perry Foot, two houses romantically situated between two lofty hills, and embowered in a group of luxuriant sycamores. Half a mile further, is Eldon Hill, in which, is that terrific chasm, called Eldon Hole: persons on foot will readily find it, by keeping along that side of the hill which faces towards Perry Foot; it is situated about half-way up the declivity, and at the distance of about half a mile from the road. Some tourists say that it is situated on the top of the hill; however, I would not advise any one to seek it there, for, to the disap-

could carry off: the stone D, to be so poised, as to prevent the escapement of a portion of the water that flows from the reservoir A, which, accumulating in the duct C, finally fills it; when the pressure upon the stone D, becomes sufficient to force it down to the position represented by the dotted line: the water then escapes through the duct; by its force keeps the stone down, and boils up at the well as represented at E, until the reservoir is emptied, the pressure then ceasing, the stone regains its former position. It will appear obvious, that the same weight of water, will always be required to cause a flowing at the well; so that the same quantity (or nearly so) will flow at the well, in wet, or dry weather, although, in dry seasons it may flow only once in a day, or week, when, in very wet seasons, it will flow every ten minutes. The small chink F, will carry off mud or sand, that might otherwise accumulate about the stone D, and prevent it from acting in the manner described.

pointment of not meeting with it in that situation, will be added the fatigue of ascending so high ; yet, they, who can enjoy an extensive prospect of mountain scenery, will meet with some compensation for their trouble : Mam Tor, and the other mountains about Castleton appear near at hand ; Kinder Scout and South Head are seen, rearing their unwieldy heads to the clouds, and the hills around Buxton, &c. are within the comprehensive range taken in by the eye from this elevated station. Those who have a carriage, or ride on horseback, must keep on the other side of the hill ; for this purpose the turnpike road must be followed a little further, and after passing through a gate on the right, proceed about a quarter of a mile, then leave the carriage, and walk directly over the hill, keeping a good distance below the summit, and the chasm will be found on the declivity, rudely walled round, with a door at the lower end ; this wall was raised to prevent accidents, as some cattle had been precipitated down the dreadful abyss : perhaps the benighted traveller has also here met an unknown fate,—horse and rider—both crushed by the rocky jaws of the yawning gulph !—for ever swallowed, nor heard of more !

The opening of this horrid chasm is about sixty feet in length, and about twenty in the widest part ; herbage is seen growing upon the rocks, at a great depth within the fissure, which has rather a singular appearance on looking down such a gulph. Several persons have let down the plummet for the purpose of ascertaining the depth of Eldon Hole. Cotton

let down eight hundred and eighty-four yards of line, eighty of which passed into water, without reaching the bottom. Another gentleman let down nine hundred and thirty-three yards which did not reach the bottom.

An account of a descent made into this fissure, by a Mr. Lloyd, in the sixty-first volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, is, perhaps, the most satisfactory one hitherto published. “ He was let down by two ropes about forty fathoms long : for the first twenty yards, though he descended obliquely, he could assist himself with his hands and his feet ; but below this, the rock projecting in large irregular crags, he found it very difficult to pass ; and on descending ten yards more, he perceived that the rope by which he was suspended, was at least six yards from the perpendicular, from hence, the breadth of the chink was about three yards, and the length about six ; the sides were very irregular, and the crags were covered with moss, being besides wet and dirty ; within fourteen yards of the bottom, the rock opened on the east side, and he swung till he reached the floor of the cavern, which was at the depth of sixty-two yards from the mouth of the chasm ; the light, however, which came from above, was sufficient for the reading of any print. Here he found the cavern to consist of two parts ; that in which he alighted, was like an oven, the other where he first began to swing, was a vast dome, shaped like the inside of a glass-house, and a small arched passage formed a communication between them ; in this passage, the stones which had been thrown in at the top formed

a slope, extending from the wall, at the west side of the first dome, almost to the bottom of the second cave or oven, so that the further end of the cave was lower by twenty-five yards, than where he alighted. The diameter of this cavern he judged to be about fifty yards; the top he could not trace with his eye, but, had reason to believe, that it extended to a prodigious height; for, when he was nearly at the top of one of the encrusted rocks, which was an elevation of at least twenty yards, he could then see no inclosure of the dome."

"After climbing up a few loose stones, on the south side of the second cavern, he descended again through a small aperture into a little cave about four yards long, and two yards high, which was lined throughout with a kind of sparkling stalactites of a fine deep yellow colour, with some small stalactical drops hanging from the roof. He found a noble room of about ninety feet in height, of the same kind of encrustation, facing the first entrance; as he proceeded to the north, he came to a large stone, that was covered with the same substance, and under it he found a hole two yards deep, that was uniformly lined with it. From the edge of this hole sprung a rocky ascent, sloping like a buttress against the side of the cavern, and consisting of vast, solid, round masses, of the same substance and colour; he climbed up this ascent to the height of about sixty feet, and got some fine pieces of stalactites, which hung from the craggy sides of the cavern, that joined the projection he had ascended. He now descended with some difficulty and danger, and soon came to another kind of incrustations, of

a different kind and colour; these being much rougher, and not tinged with yellow, but brown. At the top of this he found a small cavern, opening into the side of the vault, wherein he saw vast drops of stalactites, hanging like icicles from every part of the roof, some of which were four or five feet long, and as thick as a man's body. The greater part of the walls of the large cavern, was lined with encrustations of three kinds; the first was the deep yellow stalactites, the second was a thin coating, resembling a light-coloured varnish, this covered the limestone and reflected the light of the candles with great splendour; the third was a rough efflorescence, every shoot of which, resembled a kind of rose-flower."

"He now returned through the arch, which separates the two vaults, reascending the slope of loose stones, which greatly lessened the magnificence of the entrance into the inner cavern. When he had again fastened the rope to his body, he gave the signal to be drawn up, which he found much more dangerous and difficult than being let down, on account of his weight drawing the rope between the fragments of the rocks, to which he adhered, and his body jarring against the sides, notwithstanding the defence he made with his hands: the rope also loosened the stones over his head, the fall of which he dreaded every moment, and if any of them had fallen, he must inevitably have perished. Being obliged to ascend with his face towards the rock on one side, he could not make any particular observations on the rocks that were behind, or on each side of him; he saw, however, under the projection of the rock where the passage first became narrow, the entrance

of a cavern which seemed to penetrate a great way, but, he could not get into it. A gentleman who lived near the spot, told Mr. Lloyd, after his return from this subteranean expedition, that there was formerly, in the floor of the great cavern, near to the large heap of stones, a second shaft, which had been covered by the miners, and was said to have gone down a vast depth, and to have had water at the bottom,—this was probably, the direction that the plummet took, which was let down by Mr. Cotton.” This covering has now probably fallen in, for a large stone being thrown down the abyss, is heard for a length of time, that indicates a far greater depth than that, which is mentioned by Mr. Lloyd; we see it bounding from rock to rock, and break into many pieces: by listening attentively, we hear them striking the sides, with fainter and fainter sounds, until they gradually die away; so that we perceive no finish that can enable us to say—it has reached the bottom; whether this effect might be produced, by the sound reverberating in caverns below or not, I do not feel competent to give an opinion, therefore, I leave that question for those to determine, who are skilled in the properties of sound.

After returning to the turn-pike road, about two miles and a half further, brings us to the rocky chasm called the Winnats, or Windgates, from a strong current of air that generally sweeps through the ravine: the rocks on each side of it rise to a great height:—their grotesque appearances—savage aspects—denuded and unwieldy forms, mark them with so strong a character of sullen grandeur, which is so entirely their own, that their peculiarity forcibly

commands our notice;—no sylvan tresses wave over their gloomy brows, or decorate their giant feet;—the affrighted sylphs, trembling, skun the horrid place,—fitted only for Cyclopean monsters to graze their surly flocks upon; as we descend the steep, winding road, the eye is obliged to associate with the hideous crags that heave their enormous heads a thousand feet in height:—now the dark and rugged precipices seem to shut in the chasm, and to give a frowning denial to all further progress; persevering, however, we find the road threads the infractuous glen; creeping servilely at the feet of the scowling cliffs, until at a sudden turn, an Arcadian vale bursts on the enraptured sight; the mind becomes exhilarated by a contrast so striking and instantaneous, that it readily quits the contemplation of the gloomy ravine, to view the beauties of the luxurient vale of Castleton, whose fertile bosom, teeming with the riches of life, is amply spread out with rich enclosures, through which, several rivulets pursue their winding course*; lovely “garden of the Peak” (how well does it merit that name!) may the industry of its inhabitants never lack a stimulus to cultivate it; nor their hearts, those grateful feelings due to the Divine Giver, to whose beneficence, they are indebted for the enjoyment of their terrestrial paradise. On the right a castled cliff appears,—once the residence of a proud Peverel, who, in an evil hour, blasted his honours, by the committal of that most enormous and unnatural crime—the mur-

*This valley is said to bear a strong resemblance to the vale of Clwd, in Wales, though much smaller.

der of his fellow-man:—he fled an outcast, and his extensive possessions were seized by the crown:—like the family, this once stately castle is fast mouldering away, to meet in one common oblivious fate. The village of Castleton, with its low-towered church clusters at the base of the cliff, and derives its name from the castle. Lower down in the vale, appears the village of Hope, crested with a spired church, and near it is Brough, a village where the Romans had a station. This fertile valley, is six miles in length, two in breadth, and one thousand feet in depth, from the general level of the surrounding mountains.

Here, at the foot of the Winnats, is that great curiosity, the Speedwell Mine; the guide, or conductor into it, resides at the small public house on the right; near to it, is the entrance of the mine, and although it proved an unsuccessful undertaking, yet, it is considered to be a most excellent piece of mining; displaying great ingenuity of design, consummate skill in the workmanship, and persevering confidence, in following up the plan to so great an extent. On viewing this Herculean labour, we cannot help regretting, that a “negative success” attended the bold enterprize.

We first descend through a spacious arched vault by one hundred and six steps, which were formed for the purpose of conveying the boats down to the subterranean canal. On arriving at the bottom we are introduced into a boat, which is ferried along by the guide, (who is an intelligent miner) pushing with his hands against the sides of the rocky tunnel. The limestone, through which this tunnel is driven,

is very hard and compact, and remarkably free from shakes or fissures, to a great extent; we cannot therefore, help noticing how well the work is executed, especially when it is considered that it is entirely blasted with gun-powder; a spacious excavation is also effected by the same means for the purpose of mooring boats in, and admitting them to pass each other, when at work. As we are ferried along, the guide points out the different veins of ore that were crossed in driving the level: the boat frequently strikes against the rock and the sound is loudly reverberated along the subterranean channel; now we begin to hear faintly, the distant roar of a waterfall which keeps increasing until we reach the terrific chasm wherein it is situated; the vastness of this subterranean fissure exceeds every other that can be visited in the Peak; the roof is not rendered visible by rockets ascending four hundred and fifty feet. The tremendous roar of the cascade is truly appalling; it precipitates from the canal in an unbroken fall of three hundred and nine feet, into a gulph of stygian gloom, not unaptly termed, the Bottomless Pit, from its having swallowed thirty-two tons of rubbish per day (Sundays excepted) for seven years without having made any alteration in the depth of the water which always remained three hundred and eighty-four feet, which, with the cascade makes the depth of this part of the fissure from where we stand, six hundred and ninety-three feet. To account for the immense quantity of rubbish thrown into this gulph making no alteration in its depth, it is supposed, that from where the plummet lodges there is an inclined communication with other caverns that are more

deeply situated, into which, the rubbish has found its way. The guide now climbed up the rocks by the means of Stemples* to the height of two hundred and forty feet where he placed a Bengal Light which gave a capacious illumination to the craggy place, exhibiting rocks of such imposing aspects, and so wildly disposed, that they became objects of amazement and awe; still the roof was not discernible: we are here one thousand and fifty nine feet in a perpendicular direction, from the surface of the mountain, and this immense opening probably approaches nearly to it.

This is one of those uncommon features of nature, so stupendous and terrific—so truly awful and sublime, that a description from the most powerful pen would convey but a faint idea of the wondrous spectacle. It is those only, who on the spot contemplate the scene, that can form any adequate conception of its awful wildness, and terrific superiority.

“Amazing scene! behold! the glooms disclose,
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep, I hear them labouring to get free?
I see the leaning strata, artful rang’d;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.”

The length of the subterranean canal from the steps to the cavern is two thousand two hundred and fifty feet, in which space, seventeen veins of lead ore were crossed: the canal is carried over the fissure

*Pieces of wood, fastened into the rock, by which miners descend, or ascend the mines.

by a strong arch, and is continued again, in the hard limestone, two thousand two hundred and fifty feet further, crossing eleven other veins. In this country the veins of lead-ore run east and west; the design therefore was, to intersect them, by driving a level or navigation mine, in a north and south direction, which was certainly a bold idea: but all the veins that were crossed, proved so bad, that a very inconsiderable quantity of ore was obtained; had only one, out of the twenty-eight that were found, proved good, it would have covered the whole expense of the undertaking, and produced a profit to the adventurers.

All the rubbish produced by the latter excavation, was thrown into the bottomless pit, for which it proved a very convenient receptacle.

Three sets of workmen were employed in this undertaking, five to each set, by which means, the work was constantly carried on, night and day, (Sundays excepted) for eleven years: each man used one pound of gunpowder per day, (for the whole excavation was effected by blasting) the quantity used, amounted to 51645lbs. The sum expended in this undertaking, amounted to £14,000 about forty-five years ago, but at the present time, it is said, that such a work would not cost less than £50,000. The principal proprietor, a Mr. Oakden of Staffordshire, was ruined by this undertaking.

On returning, the guide places a candle on the side of the tunnel, which has a curious effect as we leave it, and when we are returned to the steps, it is seen dimly glimmering, at the distance of more than two thousand feet. Although there is

only one grand cavern to be seen in this subterranean aquatic excursion, it is so decidedly different to any other in the Peak, and possesses such extraordinary grandeur, that we do not wish to see more. Having ascended the steps, we hail the lively appearance of the cerulean sky and the green enamelled fields, with increased delight. Now the declining sun gilds the fertile plain with lengthened gleams, that alternate with the mountain-shadows thrown long and broad across its ample bosom (where the sparkling brook is seen to dance along its mazy course) and the empurpled hills tipped by the solar rays with burnished gold, display imperial richness; so that the brilliance of the scene makes the heart leap with joy. How powerful is the influence of contrast upon the mind! with what a peculiar zest do we enjoy the transparent tints that are now spread before us, (rendered more sweet by their opposite quality) to the opaque colouring of the tartarian gloom that we have just left.

CASTLETON.

THE CHURCH, CASTLE, PEAK CAVERN, CAVE, DALE,
LOSE HILL, EDALE, TRAYCLIFF, BLUE JOHN
MINE, MAM TOR, AND THE ODIN MINE.

CASTLETON, with its immediate vicinity, is extremely interesting to the mineralogist and geologist;—to the antiquary and to the artist;—it affords abundant materials for their various pursuits; and even they, whom science or art fail to delight, may



THE WINNATS

TRACLIFF

MAM TOR

here find an optical feast, if variety can please.

The church has a low tower, but it has no claim to elegance : it is dedicated to St. Edmund, and the living is a vicarage. No monumental inscriptions worthy of record for their fine feeling, or elegant composition, grace this church.

Opposite to the Castle Inn, is a warehouse, where the Derbyshire amethystine fluor spar, and marble ornaments are sold ; also minerals, &c.* The manufacture of the ornaments display much skill in the execution, great taste in the design of the various articles (consisting of vases, candelabra, altars, &c.) with a knowledge of the antique ; as some of the articles seem to be formed after the Etruscan, Grecian, and Roman antiquities.

The articles that are formed of the amethystine fluor spar are truly beautiful ; it is the production of a mine that is situated in a mountain called Traycliff, which extends from Mam Tor to the Winnats, and is about the distance of one mile from Castleton : this is the only place in the world, that furnishes the beautiful amethystine fluor, sufficiently compact for the purpose of being formed into ornaments : it has been very justly denominated by an intelligent foreigner “the most beautiful production of the mineral kingdom”, and indeed, the more it is examined, the more it will be admired. Foreigners

*Mr Mawe, mineralogist, in the Strand, London, is the proprietor of this warehouse. He is also author of the Mineralogy of Derbyshire ; a Treatise on Diamonds and Precious Stones ; Travels in Brazil ; Lessons on Mineralogy, &c.

have long highly esteemed it, yet the nobility of this country, for some time regarded it with indifference, but they now appreciate its importance; it is therefore found ornamenting their most elegant apartments, as well as enriching their cabinets. It displays great richness of colour, that sometimes wanders in sportive zigzag veins around a nucleus; at others, forming a mass of iridescent triangles that sparkle as the angle of vision is varied upon it; sometimes the colour is distributed in various patches, and where the crystallization is cut across it frequently assumes the appearance of a honey-comb. The ornaments that are made of the black marble have a fine effect, and they are highly enriched with various ornaments and figures.

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, in his progress through this country, in July, 1818, purchased a variety of ornaments of the fluor spar, and black marble, at Mr. Mawe's manufactory in Derby.* His Imperial Highness visited the curiosities of Matlock, and then proceeded to Chatsworth, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and from thence to Castleton, where with his suit he passed the evening, visited the curiosities of the place, and the next day proceeded to Sheffield.

The castle, from its lofty situation, completely overlooks the village, and the valley of Castleton; and was, no doubt, an impregnable fortress before

*This manufactory, is well worth visiting by the stranger who may happen to travel through Derby. It is a more extensive concern than any other of the kind.

the use of gunpowder was known. It is supposed to have been one of the most ancient fortresses in Britain: the approach to it, was by means of traverses made on that side of the hill, which faces the village; and, although thus aided, the ascent is still very steep and difficult. It is supposed, that the Saxons first raised a bulwark here; there is also some evidence that the Romans were acquainted with the spot; for about twelve years ago, after much heavy rain, a quantity of earth and rubbish gave way, a little below the keep; it fell down the rock that is immediately over the Peak Cavern, and amongst it, some Roman coins were found, one of which is gold, and of the reign of Augustus Cæsar. A gentleman, visiting the cavern soon after, purchased it for a guinea. The walls of the area are supposed to be of Saxon workmanship, and within the keep (which is imagined to be of Norman erection) are traces of the Saxon zigzag ornament, that evidently, does not belong to the design of the present building: therefore it appears, that the keep was partly erected with the materials of a more ancient structure, which most likely occupied the same situation, or nearly so.

That there was some kind of fortress here, before the Normans possessed it, we have the further evidence of Doomsday book, for proof, wherein *Terra Castelli* is mentioned. It was, however possessed by William Peverell natural son of the conqueror, and had the appellation of Peverel's Place in the Peke. The wall that surrounds the castle yard, is still, in some parts very lofty, and the keep is in a very ruinous state.

What awe-inspiring thoughts arise,
 Whilst fallen grandeur we survey,
 That lofty tower once brav'd the skies !
 But now it moulders fast away.
 Sad silence uncontroul'd doth reign
 Within these walls where joy prevail'd :
 In contrast now time's mournful train,
 Usurps the round where mirth regaled

The castle is accessible only on that side of the hill where the traverses were made ; precipitous rocks present very formidable opposition, in every other direction, and although no well has been discovered, by means of which the garrison might be supplied with water, yet it is supposed that they obtained it by some means, from a spring in a glen, called the Cave, which runs along the southern side of the eminence on which the castle stands. It is said to be the water from this spring that percolates through the limestone fissures, into the Peak Cavern, and falls in large drops into that part which is denominated Roger Rain's House.

A fosse and rampart, called the town ditch, nearly surrounded Castleton ; that part only, which is towards the castle being left open, for the purpose of communicating freely with the garrison.

Mr. Pilkington, in his view of Derbyshire, gives the following account of a tournament that was held here, at the time when the castle was in the possession of William Peverell. “ It was occasioned by the following circumstance, which strongly marks the gallantry of the times when it happened. William, a valiant knight, and sister's son to Pain Peverell, lord of Whittington, in the county of Salop, had two daughters, one of whom

called Mellet, was no less distinguished by a martial spirit than her father. This appeared from the declaration which she made, respecting the choice of a husband. She firmly resolved to marry none but a knight of great prowess: and her father to confirm her purpose, and to procure and encourage a number of suitors, invited all noble young men, who were inclined to enter the lists, to meet at Peverel's Place, in the Peke, and there decide their pretensions by the use of arms, declaring at the same time, that whoever vanquished his competitors, should receive his daughter, with his castle of Whittington, as a reward of his skill and valour. Guarine de Meez, a branch of the house of Lorraine, and an ancestor of the lords Fitzwarrine, hearing this report, repaired to the place above mentioned. He had a silver shield, with a peacock for his crest, and there engaged with a son of the King of Scotland, and also with a Baron of Burgoyne, and vanquishing them both, obtained the prize for which he fought."

William, son of the above William Peverell, having poisoned Ranulph Earl of Chester, fled to a monastery, (supposed Lenton near Nottingham) where he was shorn a monk. But, on hearing that the King (Henry the Second) was coming that way, and fearing his resentment, he fled, leaving his extensive possessions to the King's disposal, who, after a lapse of some years, gave part of them, with the castle of Pec, to John, earl of Mortaigne, afterwards King.

Hugh de Nevil, was appointed governor of the castle, by King John. The barons who united to oppose the tyranny of John, afterwards obtained possession of it, but were dislodged by William de Fer-

rers, the seventh earl of Derby, who took the castle by assault, for which service he was constituted governor. King Edward the second made a free grant of the castle and honour of Peke, with the forest of High Peke, to John earl of Warren, to hold during his life.

This castle and forest, afterwards formed part of the nuptial portion of Joan, sister to King Edward the Third, on her marriage with David prince of Scotland. John of Gaunt obtained a grant of the castle, in the forty-sixth year of the reign of King Edward the Third, and it became vested in the duchy of Lancaster.

From the twenty-eighth year of Henry the Second, many different persons are recorded as having held the castle; it now belongs to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. It is said, "that the records of the Miner's Court were kept here, until they were removed to Tutbury Castle, in the time of Queen Elizabeth."

At the foot of the castle hill, we enter Cave Dale, through a narrow chink in the rock, which is only five or six feet in width, however, it presently widens; yet, it is but a narrow dale altogether. Its rocks have a very wild and romantic character; gloomy seclusion, heightened by the frowning ruins of the castle, which surmounts a bold cliff, pervades the scene: so sudden a transition from a peopled village to so solitary a place, cannot fail to excite particular notice. The human mind is always more or less delighted with the singularities of nature's scenery, and when taken by surprise, incorrect ideas are sometimes formed of their qua-

lity; hence some tourists have mistaken singularity for picturesque beauty. The castle here assumes a more bold and romantic appearance than from any other situation I have met with; and although the dale be wanting in wood and water, yet it will be found to afford several good subjects for sketching, especially from the upper part, where a view down the ravine is very finely composed. Having proceeded about half a mile up the dale, we come to an irregular basaltic column. Mr. Mawe, in his *Mineralogy of Derbyshire*, says "it is as hard as any basalt he had any where seen," and that "from it, he had broken pieces containing jasper, calcedony, and quartz." The outside is decomposed, so is also an adjoining stratum of toadstone.

The guide to the Peak Cavern, or the Devil's Cave, is generally aware of strangers being in Castleton, for he closely attends the inns, when he is not with visitants in the cavern: he will be found an intelligent and communicative man. The way leads by a number of cottages, along the side of a rivulet that flows from the cavern, which after heavy rain is seen to boil up from underneath the rock, at the entrance of the cave, and dashes over fragments of limestone that lie in its channel; as we proceed up the gloomy recess towards the entrance of the cavern, streams from each side will be seen issuing into that, which flows from it, with considerable rapidity. A fissure in the limestone will also be pointed out; it was an immense vein of lead ore, which probably proved a valuable prize to the Romans, for it appears that those conquerors worked the mines here, as a bar of lead was found inscribed

with the name of one of their emperors. And it is also highly probable, that the restrictive law of the Romans, respecting the getting of lead, was caused by the abundance of ore procured here. Camden is of opinion, that Derbyshire is alluded to by Pliny, who says, “ in Britain, on the surface of the ground, lead is dug up in such plenty, that a law was made on purpose to stint them to a set quantity.”

As we proceed up the craggy ravine, the nodding ruins of the castle appear singularly situated on the verge of a lofty perpendicular rock; and, now turning round a sloping bank, an instantaneous view of the yawning cavern, presents a scene so uncommon—so truly impressive and sublime, that the wondrous spectacle for a time, absorbs our whole attention. A tremendous flat arch, one hundred and twenty feet in width, and forty-two feet in height, (the receding depth of which, was not visible) and supporting a lofty perpendicular rock, at the end of a gloomy recess, is a scene that cannot be contemplated without emotion. Within this vast hollow, a manufacture of twine and packthread is carried on; many persons are employed; we see men, women, and children, busily moving, about in the dark vacuity; as they spin and recede, they become gradually lost in the gloom, yet, by walking backwards whilst at work, they receive sufficient light for their purpose, from its being directly before them; two rude cottages are also situated within the arch. Although these have a singular, and even whimsical appearance, yet it will be allowed, that they diminish the terrific effect, which

an unpeopled cavern of such magnitude must produce; when imagination in her wanderings, might fancy it a Cyclopean cave, and fearing the arrival of Polyphemus, judge it a wiser experiment to escape by a precipitous retreat, than venture the Norman deception. Beyond that part of the cavern, which is occupied by the twine spinners, we pass a detached rock, when a gradual descent brings us to the interior entrance of a series of vast subterranean vaults; this is about two hundred and fifty feet from the first entrance. Here day-light, shorn of its power, renders artificial light necessary, and we are now provided with candles. The guide unlocks the door of the inner apartments; a low gloomy passage, where we are obliged to stoop, as we proceed along for the space of about sixty feet, when we enter a spacious vault, called the Bell-house, where we are glad to embrace the opportunity of standing upright again. Pursuing the path a little further, we perceive that the roof of the cave, and the water nearly meet, and we imagine further progress impossible. "Here" observed a late traveller, "we stood sometime on the brink; and as the light of our dismal torches, which emitted a black smoke, reflected our pale images from the bottom of the lake, we almost conceived that we saw a troop of shades starting from an abyss, to present themselves before us." Our guide now plunged into the water, stooping as he proceeded, to fetch his boat which had drifted to the other side: in it, clean straw is spread, upon which there is just room sufficient for two persons to lie down, for the pur-

pose of being ferried over this Styx. However this modern Charon, will be found more polite than the Charon of old is represented to us, for he suffers his passengers to occupy the bark, without intruding himself into it, kindly wading in the Stygian waters, and gently pushing his freight along. Nor will he be found surly as old Charon is said to have been, but quite the reverse, for he is very communicative, merry, and fond of his glass. After a voyage of nearly fifty feet, between rock and water, he lands his passengers in safety, on the shore of the Grand Saloon ;—and grand indeed it is ! vastness, rudeness, and gloom, we here see in sublime combination. A number of lighted candles are distributed above at a considerable distance, which serve to give us an idea, of the vast size of this tremendous vault ; they appear like stars, and illuminate so little, that they seem only to “ render darkness visible.” Hence we step over the stream, to Roger Rain’s House, where water filtrates through the roof, and falls down in large drops. We next come to the Chancel, and are saluted with the sudden chaunt of a choir of singers ; but they are not the heaven-inspiring tones of a Cecelia, “ that drew an angel down” ; but more in unison with these lower regions, named after the King of darkness, and where darkness holds an everlasting reign. After a stave or two, these vocal performers produce a number of lighted candles, when we behold them on a rocky gallery, at a great height. These lights shew the rude arches and vastness of this subterranean Cathedral with fine effect ; yet much Tartarian obscurity still remains, wherein the imagi-

nation wanders with a ve. The massive fragments that bestrew the floor of this immense vacuity, it soon converts into mouldering tombs, and with a pleasing dread goes on, uniting all the parts into an accordant whole. The harp, if well managed here, would produce a grand effect; first, by lightly touching its trembling strings, the effect of distance would be produced; its vibrations sometimes dying away, and then increasing, would give the effect of an approaching intricate winding track, that sometimes shuts in, and at others, allows a more free passage to the sound; and now, with bolder hands to sweep the strings; a light at the same time shewing the hoary bard, would be far more novel and pleasing than the discordant screams and croaks of the singers.

We now proceed to a part with a flat roof, called the Devil's Cellar; and then, by an easy descent of forty steps, to the Half-way House, where we hear a rumbling of water. Walking by the side of the stream, which we twice step over, sometimes being obliged to stoop by the way, for about fifty paces, we arrive at the Hanging Rock. The rivulet still murmuring, we cross it again, and soon arrive at the Devil's Hall. It seems as if a studied desire to please his Sooty Highness, prevailed here, by the dedication of particular parts of this subterranean wonder, to his Dark Majesty: yet the chambers selected for this purpose, are not, by any means, so grand as the Chancel, and others; so, that they were bold enough, however, to give the Author of Mischief an inferior station, and thus to brave his malice!

About thirty paces from the Devil's Hall, bring us to Gloucester Hall, a spacious vacuity about one hundred and eighty feet in height. His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Gloucester, explored the cavern to this vault, on which account it was named Gloucester Hall. -Twenty paces farther is Great Tom of Lincoln, so called from a great hollow in the roof, resembling the interior of a bell, an excavation, that has a very extraordinary appearance. A little beyond this, the roof and the water are so near together, as to prevent all further progress: however the rock has been blasted with gunpowder, for the space of twenty yards, following the direction of the stream, in the hope of discovering other caverns; no prospect of this appearing, the work was relinquished. We are here two thousand two hundred and fifty feet, from the first entrance of the cavern, and from the surface of the mountain, eight hundred and ten feet.

The stream comes engulphed, four miles from the Manchester road, which has been proved by chaff being thrown into it, finding its way to the cavern.

We are now treated with the effect of a blast; which is an explosion of gunpowder, that is wedged into a hole bored in the rock for the purpose: the tremendous sound that it produces, is truly appalling; it rolls along the subterranean recesses, long and loud, like an overwhelming peal of thunder: firm indeed must be the nerve that remains unshaken by its awful reverberation, in so remote a situation within the bowels of a rocky mountain, where the dislocated craggs are seen thrown into the ut-

most disorder, by some terrible operation of nature. This explosion is calculated, in a wonderful, degree to awaken ideas, that are connected with the terrific appearances of the wildly scattered rocks, so that on returning from this Stygian gloom, we hail the first faint glimpse of day light with lively interest; 'tis like the pale dawn of morning; of a cool soothing grey tone, that gently braces the relaxed nerves; the true healing balm of Gilead without quackery. Here the artist and the amateur are sure to stop, to contemplate the magic effect; he who beholds this scene, must be inanimate indeed, if he does not feel his soul enlarged by the power of its undefinable qualities, and as it were transported beyond this terrestrial sphere.

The wild grandeur of the stupendous scenes that are met with in this cavern, far exceeds (in a picturesque point of view) every other of the kind in the Peak: yet it does not present that variety of minerals, and beautiful crystalizations, which we see in some others; therefore if an artist should feel the most delighted with this, the mineralogist may prefer some other cavern:—indeed the caves of Derbyshire abound in variety, each presenting a character so entirely different, that on visiting them, we cannot easily compare one with another.

From Castleton, I struck into a foot-path that leads over some fields to Lose Hill, which adjoins Mam Tor. From these fields we have a fine view of the Peak Cavern, and Castle; the hills of Cave-dale rise above the castle, although it is situated upon so lofty a rock; the dark mouth of the cavern being seen at the same time, forms a singular and

romantic picture. On reaching the summit of Lose Hill, we have an instantaneous prospect into Edale, a most enchanting, and beautifully fertile vale, interspersed with the hamlets of Grindsbooth, Barber Booth, and Edale Chapel; the little river Now (or Knowl) rapidly winds through its fertile meadows, and the whole is surrounded by lofty mountains. Sweetly sequestered spot! where the eye enchanted loves to roam. Delightful Arcadia! where the philosopher might love to dwell: may its mountain barriers ever shut out vice from the peaceful inhabitants, whilst celestial virtues shower upon them, their heavenly influence.

This mountain-top forms a narrow ridge that extends to Mam Tor, one side suddenly declines to the valley of Castleton, whilst the other falls with as sharp a declivity to Edale; thus from one point, we have a complete view of two delightful valleys, that are environed by,

“Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines.”

Perceiving a storm to be gathering around, and being informed that lightning was sometimes seen to rage below the eye, from the eminences about here, I was induced to abide its fury, in the hope of viewing an effect so singular; this however did not occur: yet the storm in other respects was truly grand, and awfully sublime. At first large drops of rain, thinly scattered, sparkled in a sunny gleam as they fell; but soon after unfurling the constant companion of my journeys, (an umbrella) it was fair again. The leaden-coloured clouds still dragged heavily along, until they were roused by the screaming winds; when their dusky heads were

whirled along the brows of the mountains in rapid succession. The lightning's broad but momentary flash, the thunder's tremendous roar, rebounding from hill to hill, falling into a deep and solemn rumble, then returning upon the ear with dreadful crash, and the torrents of intermingled hail and rain that poured from the bursting clouds, followed each other with an astonishing rapidity : the apalled senses after a sudden shock, are succeeded by great ideas, and that undefinable delight which ever results from a close observation of the mighty operations of nature.

“ At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightning's flash, a larger curve and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame, discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.”

The storm continued only half an hour, when it cleared away, and for a short time was seen raging in the distance, whilst near at hand, nature seemed to be greatly refreshed by the rain, which had spread a brilliant varnish on the lively green of the valleys. It is said, that a battle was fought here in former times, and that the hostile armies were stationed on the hills called Win Hill, and Lose Hill ; and that those names were derived from the result of the contest.

What could have been the motive for war, in so

remote a part of the island, at a period when the number of inhabitants most likely were few, will be difficult to determine; was it for the possession of these fertile vallies, that rapacious man, with head-long fury, rushed to destroy his fellow-man? Perhaps an inoffensive race of happy shepherds, tended their flocks in these Arcadian vales, and the lawless rage of savage power, might ultimately overcome, and reduce them to a state of bondage. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! we see wicked tyrannic power, suffered to scourge the innocent: but it is not for mortals to discern why it is permitted: the wisdom is hidden from human eyes: therefore, let not presumptuous man dare to repine at the decrees of the All-wise, but, with reverential awe submit to divine will.

I pursued the ridge of this hill to Mam Tor, or the shivering Mountain, which is composed of shale and micaceous grit, that decomposes by the action of the atmosphere, and then falls down the rugged face of the Tor: sometimes in such large quantities as to be distinctly heard at Castleton, which is at least a mile off. The foot of the mountain is strewn with its ruins, for a considerable distance: and large trees have been inhumed, by the fall of immense masses, that now form small hills near the parent rock: it therefore might not be unaptly termed the Hen and Chicken Mountain.

Mam Tor is said to rise one thousand three hundred feet above the valley of Castleton. A vast rampart of earth and stones encircles the upper part of the mountain, which is said to be a military work of the Romans; part of it is now destroyed

by the falling away of that side which faces towards Castleton. Within the lines of the encampment, issues a very considerable spring of fine water, which runs down the hill into Edale;* this must have been an important acquisition to the Roman soldiers.

The highest point of Mam Tor is occupied by a barrow, which is similar to many others in the Peak, having a small hollow on the top like a basin. The views from this elevated station, are very grand; villages, fertile meadows, and winding streams; rocks, and rugged mountains, present a fine assemblage of material to gratify the eye of an artist. The shifting clouds as they pass, produce many beautiful, though fugitive effects; to follow the broad moving shadow with the eye, and to observe the varied effects produced by it, is very amusing to the lover of Picturesque beauty. Yonder it sails along the plain, and now throws a dark veil over the village of Hope, and its tapered spire; there the castle is spread over with light, which extends in a broad mass upon the village of Castleton,

* This spring flows very copiously in long continued dry weather, although it is situated near the summit of the mountain. It does not seem possible that rain, which falls upon the mountain alone, could supply a constant flow of water of such magnitude. Perhaps an unknown attraction may be the principal cause of some springs in such lofty situations, and water may be brought by its power from sources considerably below the place where it issues: for, by the stratification of the upper part of the mountain, it does not appear to have any connection with other hills; by means of which, the spring could receive a supply from distant sources along any channel communicating with it.

and its low towered church, backed by the dark hills of Cave dale. How in a few moments the effect is changed ! The light to shade, the shade to light ; and still how beautiful ! Tasteful nature, “ ever charming, ever new ! ” how delightful is the study of thy fleeting beauties ! to snatch them as they fly, and quickly to transcribe them to the canvas, requires the utmost skill of him who loves to study thee, who knows that thy treasures are exhaustless, —who can feel an exquisite delight in thy calm sequestered scenes, and admire thee in the midst of thy awful terrors.

I now descended to the new Manchester road, which is brought this way from Castleton, in a very circuitous direction, to avoid the more steep road that leads through the Winnats. The point where it joins the old road, is at least two miles and a half from Castleton, but through the Winnats it is not more than one mile and a half.

On the opposite side of the road to Mam Tor, rises Traycliff,* the mountain wherein is the mine from whence the amethystine fluor (which is called by the miners, Blue John) is obtained. Want of time prevented me from exploring this mine ; which induces me to give Mr. Mawe’s description of it,

* During a thunder storm which happened some years ago, the lightning struck a rock on this mountain :—a fragment was broken off by it, which was supposed to weigh more than a ton :—fire was observed to run down the hill, and suddenly to sink into it ; leaving a round hole where it entered. May we not suppose, that mighty effects are produced in the mineral kingdom, by such operations of nature’s chemistry ?

from his “Mineralogy of Derbyshire”. It is well known, that Mr. Mawe visited the mines and caves of the Peak, for the purpose of mineralogical research; and the observations of a scientific man, are generally, very interesting, especially when connected with the complicated singularities of nature:—therefore, the account which I have chosen to supply my own deficiency, will be allowed greatly to overbalance that defect.

“The mountain” says Mr. Mawe, “appears an assemblage of vast rocks of limestone, without connection or regularity, and is full of openings or caverns of immense depth, fissures, &c. In this mountain is the mine that produces the beautiful compact fluor,* here called Blue John, which is found in pipe veins of various directions. The fluor in various places, appears to have been formed on the limestone; for it frequently has that substance for a nucleus, around which it seems first to have crystallized, till it had greatly increased by accumulation. Frequently, however, the centre is hollow.”

“In various parts of the mine, in caves filled with clay and loose adventitious matter, the fluor appears in detached masses, bearing every appearance, of having been broken from the limestone, on which it seems to have been originally formed; for every piece, in one part or other, seems to have adhered to something, and to have been broken off.

* This substance acts as a speedy flux to metals, owing to its peculiar acid, whence the name of fluor.

These caverns are frequently beset with beautiful calcarious stalactites, of a large size,"

"It is impossible to account for the prodigious variety, and singular disposition of the veins, and sudden contrasts of the finest colours, which occur in this substance. Some of the pieces of fluor are a foot in thickness, and have four or five distinct veins; but such large pieces are very rare. In general, they are only about three or four inches thick; and some present one strong vein, while others show many smaller. Such as display a geographical figure, like a coloured map, are most rare and valuable. Some varieties, are much more loose in their texture than others. The colouring matter, has been generally thought to be iron, but I suspect it to be asphalt, which may perhaps contain pyrites in a decomposed state; but there are many singular varieties which have not undergone any analysis. The fluoric acid is easily obtained, by pulverizing the fluor, and putting it in a leaden retort, to which add its weight of any of the mineral acids. Apply a gentle heat, and the fluoric acid will appear as gas, which may be caught in a vessel of the same materials as the retort. Its peculiar property of corroding glass, and siliceous substances is well known."

"In the loose earth of the caverns, are found rounded nodules of lead ore, sometimes called potatoe ore. The rocks on the side of the road are stupendous, and in many places perpendicular, running in all directions, and forming immense caverns. The mines of this mountain afford the greatest variety of mineralogical information of any

I have yet seen. The veins, and the frequent obstruction of their direction ; the dislocation of the strata, and the heterogeneous substances found in the immense caverns, present matter for great study, and curious observation."

"The access into the mine of fluor is tolerably easy, descending about sixty yards, down steps, amid limestone. Proceeding about thirty yards deeper, by an easy route, you arrive at a most beautiful cavern, beset with delicate, white stalactite, which, to the imagination assumes a variety of figures. At a short distance further, you are led into a cavern yet more grand, in which some stalactites, hanging perpendicularly from the roof of the projecting rock, form a striking semicircle ; the black walls of the mine, contrast with the snow-white stalactites, and constitute a scene surpassing description. Hence you are led into a variety of interesting caverns, veins, &c. and the guide will be ready to give every information to the curious visitor, and will not delude him by the relation of fabulous wonders."

Mr. Mawe, in the same work, describes the different varieties of fluor that are met with in Derbyshire. Indeed, considerable mineralogical information respecting the Peak, will be derived from a perusal of that volume.

At the foot of Mam Tor, is the celebrated Odin Mine, which is supposed to have been worked by the Saxons, from its being named after one of their Deities. It has given employment to about one hundred persons ; but it is now worked so

near to the water, that the operations of mining have, latterly, become very circumscribed. The proprietors, however, are driving a tunnel or level about a mile and a half in length, which will, when completed, greatly relieve the work. This mine runs under Mam Tor, and is more than a mile in extent; it is the only place that is known to produce that singular substance the Elastic Bitumen (or mineral cahoutchou). A very singular variety of lead ore, called Slickenside, is found in this mine. "This galena" observes Mr. Mawe, presents a smooth surface, as if plated. Sometimes it forms the sides of cavities, and on being pierced with the miner's tool, rends with violence, and explodes with a crackling noise. The cause of this phenomenon has not been fully explained. I saw a man who was brought out of the mine, only a few minutes after an explosion. He had imprudently pierced the sides of this substance, and was much hurt by it, being violently cut, as if stabbed about the neck and other parts of his body with a chisel, which rendered him unable to return to his work again for fourteen days.

The mountains on one side of the vale of Castleton, are composed of limestone, containing chert (said to be transition) alternating with beds of trap of different colours. Chert is used in the potteries in great quantities. The limestone contains a variety of fossil shells, corals, &c. The opposite side is a range of gritstone mountains, which, in some parts are stratified with shale, forming part of a vast track of gritstone country,

extending northward, into the Woodlands, and in a southern direction nearly to the town of Derby.

The river Derwent flows through this gritstone district. It rises on the Yorkshire border, at the northern extremity of the county of Derby; making only one deviation, which happens near Matlock, where it leaves the grit, and rolls over a limestone channel for about the distance of two miles and a half; when, a little below Cromford Bridge, it again meets with the gritstone. Beyond Derby it flows through a flat country, and falls into the Trent.

EXCURSION

FROM CASTLETON, TO BAGSHAW'S CAVERN AT BRADWELL; EYAM; MIDDLETON DALE; STOKE HALL; HATHERSAGE; BROUGH; AND HOPE.

ABOUT two miles from Castleton is Bradwell, a considerable hamlet: a brook runs through the lower part of it. In the higher part to the right is Bagshaw's Cavern, which is a very great curiosity, and for beauty; it far transcends every other subterranean recess I have visited; nor can I think it possible, that any cavern in the world can be more beautiful; but the difficulties attendant upon exploring it, are so great as to prevent many from attempting it; however the guide, (an intelligent miner named Bradwell,) assured me that ladies sometimes venture in, and cheerfully surmount all the difficulties. The most unpleasant part arises from being obliged to proceed sometimes on all-fours: yet, on arriving

at the different caverns, their dazzling splendour, dispels every idea of fatigue.

Being provided with a miner's dress, we first descend a dungeon-looking hole, by 120 steps, we then proceed, through a long passage, where beautiful crystallizations, command our admiration, and most agreeably beguile the time, until we arrive at Paradise Grotto. The uncommon beauty of this cavern, has a wonderful effect on the imagination, and we feel as if we were conveyed by some powerful and invisible agency, into the Hall of Faries: it is superbly decorated with brilliant sparry stalactites, that hang like icicles from the roof: the sides are covered with regular arrangements of columns, grotesque masses and organ-work, so that this cave presents an entire mass of crystallizations that cover its roof, its sides, and its floor. About thirty yards further is an intermitting spring. We now ascend a gallery, to the left of which, is a beautiful natural arrangement of regular columns formed by the sparry icicles, and then enter Calypso's Cave, which is truly, beautiful, and very grotesque, exhibiting a most natural and lively resemblance of Winter, with its various scenery of hoar-frost, snow, ice and icicles; and, like Paradise Grotto, is completely covered with brilliant crystalizations. Another branch of this cavern extends very far, and displays some extraordinary rock scenery, with a long range of sparry icicles hanging from the roof: they are of various lengths and thickness; some are about three feet long and no thicker than a tobacco-pipe, others are much shorter and about two inches in thickness; in short their size vary much, and at the end of each

hangs a drop of water sparkling like brilliant diamonds. Soon after entering this branch we come to a rude dismal cave, wherein, is the Dungeon, which is about thirty feet in depth; down which the guide threw a great stone, that fell with an astounding noise.

Having described the leading beauties of this extensive and most beautiful cavern, it may not be amiss now, to particularize some of the more subordinate parts, that appeared to me, and a friend who accompanied me, as either singular or very curious, and which induced us to give names to several parts of this subterranean retreat. The roof, in one part, is decorated with very small, white, curling stalactites, that appear like worms writhing out of it: this we named the Chamber of Worms. Some extraordinary piles of enormous stones, we called the Cyclopean Tombs. The floor in another part, (which is stalagmite,) is strewed over with stalactites, that have fallen from the roof and are fastened to it by the drippings of water, depositing its calcarious particles upon them, by which means they become united. These stalactites having the appearance of bones scattered about, induced us to call this the Charnel-House. In another part, small stalactites on the sides, and roof of the cavern are curved like hooks in all directions: some long stalactites depending from the roof, have also hooks projecting from them, that turn upward: this we named the Hamated Cave. It may be difficult to account for these singular forms, that are so contrary to the general idea of

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the formation of stalactites, and which naturally give rise to this question,—how has the water thus overcome the power of gravity? The water that runs through the cavern, we observed, brought with it a quantity of siliceous sand, although the district in the direction of it, is limestone for several miles: stones that lie in this water, are coated over with a black glossy substance, which makes them uncommonly smooth. Amongst the rocky fragments we discovered a large rocking-stone, to which, a very considerable vibratory motion, may be given, by the pressure of a single finger; may we not infer from this circumstance, that many large rocking-stones, on the surface have been produced by natural causes, as well as this subterranean one? We explored this cavern a little beyond the Cyclopean Tombs; how much farther it extended the guide could not tell, for no one had yet traced its whole extent: he however observed, that nothing remarkable had hitherto been discovered beyond this place; we therefore named those hidden recesses the Interminable Vaults.

Several mines will be observed here, they chiefly yield calamine. The road to Eyam, passes through Bradwell Dale, which we enter at the end of the village, where a large stream of water will be seen, rushing from underneath a rock. Although this dale is rocky, it does not present any remarkable views. After pursuing an indifferent road for a few miles, passing through Windmill, I came to Foolow, from whence by an excellent road, I soon arrived at Eyam; distant about seven miles from Castleton. This ancient village is surrounded by

lofty hills, that abound with lead mines. The bleak mountains of the East Moor, crested with gritstone rocks, and interspersed with patches of dark heath, have a wild and sterile appearance, but their lower declivities soften into fertile inclosures. In the church-yard stands a very curious and ancient stone cross, richly sculptured on every side, with figures, runic knots, and scrolls. This very interesting relique of times that have long passed away, has suffered an irreparable loss (through some very culpable neglect) by the destruction of a stone that formed the upper part of the shaft.

When that dreadful scourge of the human race (the Plague) raged in London, and spread dismay through the land; it was communicated to this village by means of a box of clothes which was received from thence by a tailor; and such was its virulence that two thirds of the inhabitants were swept off by it: however by the judicious exertions and pious example of the Rev. Wm. Mompesson, Rector of Eyam, the fatal distemper, was prevented from spreading beyond the village. In this most excellent man we see the mighty influence of goodness; it accomplished what an army could not have enforced: for in such a mountainous country, the people might have eluded the strictest watch; and by flying from the devoted place, have widely spread, the awful disease: he, a good shepherd, abided (with his flock) the fury of the pestilence, administering spiritual and temporal balm to their afflictions; and although he himself sickened yet he was spared; but alas! had to mourn the loss of his beloved wife: she fell a victim to the pestilence;

—her tomb will be seen in the church-yard, having the fatal month of August, 1666, inscribed upon it—the disorder then raged with great violence. On the common, at about a quarter of a mile from the village, are the Riley Gravestones, which record the extinction of nearly a whole family of the name of Hancock, consisting of eight persons; seven of whom died (within the space of seven days) in the month of August, 1666. Three of them expired in one day: they resided at an adjacent house called Riley house, from which circumstance, originated the appellation of Riley Gravestones. They consist of six head-stones and one Altar Tomb: their inscriptions which are still legible, convey in a forcible manner, ideas of the dreadful power of the pestilence. A visit to this hallowed though now cultivated spot (which certainly ought to have been held more sacred) cannot fail to present to the reflecting mind; melancholy pictures of desolating effects, produced by the contagion; when hasty and promiscuous graves received departed victims immediately on their ceasing to breathe, and cautious fear, closed them up without funeral rites. Another spot called the Delve is rendered extremely interesting from the following circumstance. The worthy Mompesson, judging it better to assemble his desponding congregation in the open air, rather than in the church, during the hot months; when the disease was peculiarly malignant; he here, administered spiritual comfort to their woes, and delivered his discourses from an elevated arched rock, which is distinguished by the appellation of Cucklet Church. The opposite declivity of this lovely dell, makes a gentle sweep, which rendered it well adapted for the

purpose of devotion, during so calamitous a period.

The Delve, although very picturesque, is rather too profusely decorated with trees; which prevent a good view from being obtained, of Cucklet Church. This dell leads into Middleton Dale, which on one side consists of an extensive range of diversified crags, precipitous and impending; having a bold and imposing aspect; the other side is, however, rather tame. A busy little stream, and a frequented turnpike road run through the dale. Numerous lime-kilns and a smelting furnace, with vast columns of smoke issuing from them, give a singular character to the place; whilst the many workmen that are employed, animate the scene. One assemblage of the rocks, appearing like round towers and turrets, is called the Castle Rock; another, the High Tor; and one, near the entrance of the village, has the affecting appellation of the Lover's Leap; where a love-lorn female, threw herself from a frightful precipice;—her cloaths were caught by several bushes that start from the rock, which checked her fall, and she miraculously escaped, with a few slight scratches and bruises: this interposition of Providence in preserving her life, cured her love-fit;—she lived many years, very respectably, and died unmarried.

The village of Stoney Middleton, affords many pleasing groups of cottages, for sketching; the houses being clustered upon the hills in a very curious manner. Near to the Moon Inn, at the lower end of the village, stands a decent-looking church; but in the church-yard, indecently stands a beautiful gothic font: perhaps it was turned out

by some church-warden, whose name is recorded as a beautifier of the church.

I now pursued the charming vale of the Derwent, passed by Stoke Hall, (the delightful residence of Robert Arkwright, Esqr.) to Hathersage; a village pleasantly situated on the declivity of a lofty hill, having a handsome spire-church. In the church-yard, the grave of Little John, the companion of Robin Hood, is seen, a stone is placed at the head, and another at the foot of the grave: they are nearly four yards asunder. This grave was opened some years ago, when a thigh-bone was discovered, that measured thirty inches in length. It is also said, that the body of Mr. Benjamin Ashton, who was buried, on the 29th of December, 1725, was found on the 31st. of May, 1781, to be congealed as hard as flint. Following this rich vale a little further, we cross the Derwent at a bridge, and then follow the little river Now to Brough, where many Roman antiquities have been found. I now passed on to the village of Hope; the church is disgraced with a clumsy spire, but more so, by a number of indecent, grotesque spouts. About a mile and a half further, completed my return to Castleton.

EXCURSION

FROM BUXTON TO CHELMERTON; NEWHAVEN; ARBORLOW; HARTINGTON; BERRISFORD DALE; AND DOVE DALE.

CCHELMERTON is about five miles from Bux-

ton. Two large Barrows occupy the summit of a lofty hill, that rises immediately above the village. Many springs issue from the hill, which sink into the earth again, after running a few yards. About two miles to the left of Newhaven, is a very interesting druidical remain, consisting of a circle, formed by more than thirty, rude stones, which are surrounded by a deep ditch and vallum, having two entrances; at one of which is a large barrow, and another still larger (called End Low) is situated in an adjacent field. To the right of Newhaven is Hartington, and half a mile further is Berrisford-dale, a beautiful little dell through which the river Dove rapidly glides: about four miles farther it reaches the matchless Dove-dale, which is out of the district prescribed for this Volume; however, I take this opportunity to announce a Work in Quarto entitled the Dove; which will embrace all the principal scenes on that interesting river from its scourse; for which I have already made a number of sketches, and intend to publish as early as possible.

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